NEXT WEEK---THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

13th Year. No. 11 | WILLIAM BOOTH, General. | TORONTO DECEMBER 14, 1901. | EVANGELINE BOOTH Commissioner | Price, 5 Cents.

THE PROCESSION OF DEATH.

Again I hear ringing the cemetery bell,
And I see, to the sound of its doleful knell,
A solemn procession traverse the earth,
Through lands of plenty and countries of dearth;
In summer, in winter, among pines or palms,
Through homes of plenty, and hovels of alms.
Across park and forest, lawn and heath,
I watch the endless Procession of Death.
Little children, grave, or gay,
Of prince and peasants, lead the way.
They're crowding his path, and by their side
I see the bewildered, youthful bride.
"Farewell," says the soldier under his breath,
Ah, soon he will walk in the ranks of death.
The cripple hails him with a sigh of relief;
The Christian said in prayer, without grief.
The fool shouts and shrieks; the ignorant yonder
Crosses the valley in fear and wonder.
The soldier of Christ with joyful cries
Steps into the march, as he, smiling, dies.

The wicked with terror and trembling knee
Is forced to fall in. The prisoner is free
From human justice to answer again
For his deeds to the Righteous Judge of man.
And as I watch the innumerable faces,
I see depicted all emotions and graces:
Hate, terror, despair, fear, sorrow, and sadness,
Love, hope, anticipation, and gladness.
By the wayside, alone, so sad and worn,
A widow I spy, who weeps forlorn.
Pale, hungry, and sick, I hear her cry:
"Take me, O Death!" But he passes her by.
And, watching, I hear a voice from the sky:
"Death comes as a thief. Prepare to die!
Earth's pleasures will fade, its treasures decay;
Then worship the Author of endless day.
Love truth, serve God, do good to all,
To gain the Paradise lost by the fall.
Repent, confess to Him your sin,
Who died on the cross your salvation to win."—Anon.

THE PROCESSION OF DEATH.

A Parent's Fatal Mistake.

By J. H. MERRITT.

A man cleaning a revolver, firing off a shot or two to try it; a revolver carelessly left on a bureau; a little boy watching the proceedings; the same little boy, trying to do as "Daddy did," a shot, a mother's scream, a father's hurried recall, a doctor's "No hope," a little white coffin, a little grave, a vacant cot in a little room, a broken-hearted mother, a life-long, grief-stricken father! A short story—but awfully true. Cause? Father allowed the little fellow to see him handling a dangerous weapon, and then left it where he should not have left it. Fatal mistake!

The rats had gnawed a hole through the floor, and found their way into the cellar. "What a nuisance! Can't leave anything there now, or it is carried off." Finally it was decided to rid the house of the rodents. "Here, Tom, you go to the drug store and get a box of Rough-on-Rats. I'll fix them!" A piece of bread and butter, some of the poison spread thereon, placed near the hole; the mother is busy, forgets the piece of bread; little Pearl goes down the cellar, finds the poisoned bread, and, childlike, eats it. A doctor, an emetic, a stomach-pump—"No use, she is gone." A funeral, a spot in the cemetery. Poor Pearl! A mischievous child, eh? No, no! Just like any other child. Any child would do the same thing—eat a piece when they see it. What, then? Mother's thoughtlessness! Should have known better than to leave such stuff where a little child could get it. Fatal mistake!

What a pitiable sight! He was a fine-looking fellow, just out of his teens, but a wreck for all that. A two weeks' spree had not only used up all his spare cash, but he himself looked pretty well used up, too. He had heard the drum on the street, and followed the march to the hall. "But, say, my boy, how can you go on in this way? Don't you see what it is doing for you? How did you ever start?" "Start, eh? Why started at home, of course! Father was one of those men who would always have his glass of beer at the table. He said there was no harm in a glass or two, so long as you did not go to excess, and he knew when he had enough. He could take a glass, or leave it alone, and it was nobody's business. Of course, I thought what was good for the goose was good for the gosling, and that's how I started." The first glass—just one, like father does; out with the boys; the first drunk; left home; mother died, and father broke up house; gay companions, high life, lots of fun; lost job, lost heart. "No use trying! Cursed drink! Wish I had never tasted it!" Gone to the dogs! Probable history—a few years of such life, a wrecked constitution, a wasting disease, a premature death, an early grave, a drunkard's hell! True story? Every word of it, and lots like him! Was he born for that end? No, never! Who was to blame? Why, his father, of course! Whose example could you expect a boy to follow, if not his own father's. Father didn't think—or didn't care. Fatal mistake!

"Stylish? Well, rather! Isn't she pretty, too? Who is she, anyway?" Yes, who is she? or, rather, who was she? That's easy! Her father is a storekeeper, in the village of ——. When she was younger her mother spoiled her. Nothing but dress, all the time, until the child grew to be as vain as a peacock. "There never was such a pretty child as our Pearl!" And the girl grew into womanhood with only one object in life—fashion. The mother would not let her work. No, no! Bringing her up to be a lady. Can she play? I wonder!—almost make a piano talk. Entertain? Rather! Can carry herself in any society. Dance? Oh, so gracefully! Cook? Sew? Keep house? Horrors!—nothing so common. "Going to strike a husband with lots of money—doesn't need to know how to work." Times got hard, father's business is going down, and money is scarce. Must have stylish clothes, no matter where the money comes from. Left home, went to a large city. Started clerking in a store. Got led astray. Down! Down!! Down!!! What is she? Only one of the army of heart-broken, despised, cast-off women of the streets. Father has disowned her, and banished her from home for ever. Mother is fast hastening to the grave, bowed more with sorrow than with years. So sad, but so true! Mother had a precious Pearl, but she cast her among the swine. Fatal mistake!

Lots of other fatal mistakes, too. Can a boy be blamed for smoking cigarettes, if his father smokes a pipe? Can a girl be blamed for being deceitful, if she hears her mother talk one way behind a woman's back, and another to her face? Can a son be blamed for going to a dime show, if his father goes to a dollar show? or if he steals a hare, when his father steals a horse? How can a father who swears correct a son who does the same? or a mother who reads trashy love stories from books at home blame a daughter who acts out one in real life? How can a parent who lives for this world expect his child to live for a better world? or he who is journeying towards hell hope to see his children gain heaven?

Oh, parents, think! 'Tis but too true,
A child will as his parents do!
Then watch your life; oh, watch it
well,
'Twill lead your child to heaven or
hell!

Our History Class

III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XIX.

Adolf .... A.D 1291-1298.
Albrecht .... 1298.

Gerhard, Bishop Elector of Mainz, persuaded the other electors to choose his kinsman, Adolf of Nassau, who is said to have been the poorest prince who ever sat on the throne of Germany. He was fierce and grasping, and made himself much hated.

When Edward I. of England was going to war with France, he made an alliance with Adolf, and offered him a sum of money to equip an army to gain back the kingdom of Arles. But Adolf spent the money in buying Meissen and Thuringia from the Landgraf Albrecht, called the Degenerate, who had misused his wife, Margarethe, the daughter of Friedrich II., and taken her children from her. When she parted with them, instead of kissing the eldest she gave him a fierce bite on the cheek, that the scar might always remind him of her wrongs. The two boys tried to flee from their father, but were taken, and would have been starved in prison if the servants had not had pity on them, fed them and set them free.

They soon found friends to reclaim the inheritance which their father had sold, and half Germany joined them, for Adolf's hired soldiers were detestably cruel. The two brothers were beaten in battle, but they kept their own inheritance, for the Thuringians defended themselves bravely for three years, and at the end of that time, Archbishop Gerhard was so ashamed of Adolf as to persuade the other electors that he had justly forfeited the Empire, and they chose Albrecht of Hapsburg, Duke of Austria, the son of the good Rodolf, in his stead.

There was a great battle near Wurms, between Albrecht and Adolf. One history says that they met, and that Adolf cried, "Here you shall abandon to me Empire and life," to which Albrecht answered, "Both are in the hands of God," giving him such a blow that he fell from his horse and was killed by some of the Austrians.

Albrecht was elected over again and crowned at Aachen. He was very tall and grim-looking, and made the more frightful by the loss of one eye. His great desire was to use his power over the Empire to make his family great; and on the death of Wenzel, the last of the line of Bohemian kings, he arranged that his son Rodolf should be chosen to succeed him. Rodolf would not have been a bad ruler left to himself, but his father forced him to be so harsh that the Czechs rebelled, and when he died in the midst of the war with them, they declared they would rather have a peasant for their king than his next brother, Friedrich, and chose Heinrich of Carinthia, the husband of the late King's sister.

Albrecht did one good thing, in forcing the Archbishop Elector of Mainz, and the Pfalzgraf, to lower the very excessive tolls they took from everyone who sailed along the Rhine. Archbishop Gerhard, who viewed himself as a sort of king-maker, said he had only to blow his horn to call up as many Kaisers as he pleased; but Albrecht was too strong for him, and the Pope would not help him.

Next Albrecht attacked the Landgraf of Thuringia, Friedrich, with the bitten cheek. Tidings came to the Wartburg that the King was coming with a large army, and the young Landgraf had to flee with his young wife and their newly-born child. The little one began to cry violently when the enemy were almost overtaking them, and the Landgraf made his little troop stop, and kept the enemy at bay while his baby was fed and pacified. He was a giant in size and strength, as is shown by the suit of armor still preserved at Wartburg, and this skill proved sufficient to drive out the Austrians, and save his inheritance.

Another attempt of Albrecht was to use his power as King of the Romans to make the mountaineers of Switzerland subject to his own dukedom of Austria. The three little cantons of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden were bitterly grieved by the harshness of his Governor, Gesler, who lived at Altdorf, in a castle which he called Zwing Uri (Force Uri), and three men, Furst, Melchtal, and Werner, met at night and swore to raise the country against the tyrants, each gaining, secretly, as many confederates as he could. According to the cherished Swiss story, the outbreak was brought on at last by Gesler's setting up his hat in the market-place at Altdorf, and insisting that all the peasants should make obeisance to it. When Wilhelm Tell, the best archer of Uri, passed it unheeding, he was seized and made to ransom his life by shooting an apple placed on his little son's head. He succeeded, but on being asked why he had another arrow in his belt, he answered that had he slain his child, he should have used it to pierce the bailiff's heart. Gesler, in his rage, declared that he should be placed where he should never see the sun or moon again, and was carrying him off in a boat across the Lake of Lucerne, when a tempest made it necessary to unbind the only steersman who could save the lives of the crew. Tell brought the boat to shore, and then leaped ashore and fled. Watching his opportunity from behind a hollow tree, as the officers came in pursuit of him, he shot Gesler dead, then rushed away to his comrades, who at once broke forth, seized several castles by surprise, pulled down Zwing Uri, and on the 6th of January, 1308, raised the banner of the Swiss Confederation, and prepared for defence.

(To be continued.)

DROP IN.

Written After Reading the Notice of the Opening of a New and Splendid Saloon.

Drop in! Our doors will be open,
Invitingly, all through the day,
And after the shadows have fallen,
The gas-light will show you the way.
You, doubtless, have noticed our sign-
post—
A model, they say, of its kind.
And everything else in accordance
Within our apartments you'll find.
Drop in on your way to the office,
Ye business men, portly and grey;
Forget, for a moment, that matter
Which must be disposed of to-day;
Come, look through our splendid apart-
ments,
And try our delectable drink,
Be sure you have tasted its merits,
And then let us know what you
think.
This "testing" will give you a head-
ache,
Your brain will be clogged with the
beer,
And that business matter of import
Somehow will not be at all clear.
You'll blunder, maybe, in your figures,
And throw a few thousand away.
No matter—it's what you contribute
In honor of Opening Day!
Drop in!

Drop in as you come up from dinner,
Young laborer, manly and strong.
We are proud of our splendid apart-
ments,
Look in as you're passing along.
We will give you a taste of our "nec-
tar
That will bring you some pleasure,
we know,
We will sow the first seed in the fur-
row,
That shall grow to a harvest of woe.
To-day you are steady and honest,
And you hoard what you earn with
a view
Of settling down in the autumn
With somebody "tender and true;"
But we'll waken a thirst that has
slumbered,
It shall use up the earnings of years,
While the hopes and the dreams of
a lifetime
Go down in an ocean of tears.
Home, happiness, honor, and money
Are all that we ask you to pay—
Are all that we wish you to give us
In honor of Opening Day!
Drop in!

Drop in as you come from the market,
Young countryman, give us a call;
That money just placed in your pocket
We know very well is your all.
'Twas earned by the sweat of your
forehead—
Now spend it in pleasure and ease.
Just enter our palace of splendours—
There's everything here that will
please.
Bad habits are formed in an hour,
The lesson of vice is soon learned;
Once find the path pleasant and easy,
And we'll have the money you've
earned.
You want it to pay off the mortgage,
And free the farm wholly from debt,
And give the old people a homestead
With less of work, worry, and fret.
Find happiness once in our presence—
Think this a most pleasant resort,
And the payments that now are made
promptly
Will soon become tardy and short;
The debts will increase, and the home-
stead
At last will be taken away,
And the old folks left helpless and
homeless,
But then—this is Opening Day!
Drop in!

Drop in as you're passing, young hus-
band!
The woman who stands at the gate,
Impatient to give you a greeting—
Don't think about her—she can wait.
No matter about the warm supper
That steams in the oven for you,
All ready to put on the table,
Set with silver and china for two.
Drop into our palace a moment,
And taste of this liquor and that,
And we'll send you home late in the
evening
With a very large brick in your hat.
The sweet little wife will be sobbing,
Alone with her terror and grief,
And your staggering step in the entry
Will not give her joy or relief;
A supper that spoiled in the oven—
A cloud overhanging and gray,
A heart that is wounded and bleeding,
Your tributes to Opening Day!
Drop in!

Drop in from the highway and hedges,
Irrespective of station or wealth;
We will lay aside social distinctions,
And drink "to your very good
health."
Like the well-to-do, plethoric spider,
Who puts on no airs with the fly,
Albeit his palace is princely,
His station exalted and high,
We, too, are inclined to be cordial
To poor little insects that roam;
Like him, we would show you our
parlors,
And have you feel wholly at home.
'Tis the birthplace of sin and of sor-
row,
Here good names are bartered away,
For those of the idler and drunkard.
And this is our Opening Day!
Drop in!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SOUL-SAVING BATTLES IN WEST ONTARIO.

Brantford.

Major McMillan and Staff-Captain Rawling paid a flying visit to Brantford the other night, and found the war moving along, although somewhat handicapped for want of a barracks. The new barracks, however, which, by the way, is a very creditable structure, will soon be complete, and the opening is fixed for Dec. 15th. The soldiers are in good spirits, and, with their officers, Adjt. Cameron and Lieut. Murray, are buoyant with hope for a grand soul-saving campaign this winter. The children's work here is splendid, with eleven good Companies, and the Adjutant is full of faith for both J.S. and B.O.L. work as soon as the hall is opened. The city has kindly permitted us to use the city hall free on Sundays, whilst our building was torn down. The Army has a good hold on the people of the city, and our work is much appreciated. The meeting conducted by the P.O. was a happy and inspiring time, enjoyed by all present.

Simcoe.

From Brantford we sped on to Simcoe for the week-end. We were certainly full of faith for a glorious time as the renowned Soul-Saving Troupe were there, and we were to spend Sunday with them. All the members of the troupe, with Capt. White, met us at the depot, and the shining red coats caught the eye, not only of the P.O. and Chancellor, but the public. The meetings were certainly pentecostal times; as an evidence the town had been stirred. The barracks was filled at every public meeting, notwithstanding the drizzly rain all day. For the week-end twenty-six seekers came forward, and a card just to hand says twelve more came on Monday night. Simcoe corps has bright prospects for a glorious winter of soul-saving. The Spirit is working and conviction has taken hold of many who, we believe, will yet come.

Tilsonburg.

The Tuesday night was spent at Tilsonburg, with Capt. Horwood and Lieut. Crafts, who are getting hold of things nicely and there has been a decided advance in crowds and finances. They have had two souls recently, and prospects are brightening. The P.O's Bible reading was enjoyed, and the comrades much cheered and encouraged. Brighter days, we trust, are in store for our comrades here.

Next Saturday and Sunday the P.O. and Chancellor will hold forth at Paris.—J. R.

CAPE BRETON NOTES.

The comrades all over the Cape Breton District have given Mrs. McLean and myself a good welcome to this part of the vineyard. And I might say that a grand work is going on all round.

Sydney.

We had a grand time and a crowded house here. We have to leave our hall, but arrangements have been made to build a small place until we erect the new barracks. Ensign Larder and Capt. Long are holding the fort here. They are having grand times, and souls are getting saved.

Sydney Mines

was our next stop. Lieuts. Vandine and McLenuan are in charge. This is rather a nice little town, and there are good prospects for the S. A. work, although the battle is rather hard just now. We had a nice little meeting, but no souls.

North Sydney

came next on the list, and I might say our work was never better in this place. We had a packed house and a grand meeting, with one soul. Capt. and Mrs. Larimore are getting a good hold of the place, and a splendid work is going on. Praise God!

Louisburg,

the new opening, is going with a swing. A few souls have been saved, and many more are on the very verge of decision. At nearly every meeting the hall is crowded to the doors. Ensign and Mrs. Thompson, with Capt. McIvor, are in charge, and are doing well.

At my welcome meeting the other night we had a big time. When we went on the march, about two hundred people fell in line and marched after us. It was a grand sight, I can assure you. The people are very kind, and are helping us all they can. God bless them!

Glace Bay,

our District Headquarters, is going ahead. We have had a great revival of late, and twenty-five souls have been saved. We have splendid crowds and the prospects are good for the future. Capt. Locks, our Hallelujah builder, is here, and will have the new barracks and quarters finished about Christmas. The comrades and friends are delighted with the building, and speak in high terms of the Captain's work. The Local Officers and soldiers are a proper lot, and we are in for big times.—J. S. McLean, D.O.

Ensign Cooper and Capt. Burry, Grand Bank, Nfld.

GRAND BANK, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Grand Bank is a compact little town of 1,300 inhabitants, situated on the southern shore of Fortune Bay, Nfld. Its people are noted for their industrious and energetic qualities, and the place is in a very prosperous condition. The Bank fishery, which is the chief industry of the place, is prosecuted with great success during the Spring and Summer, but it is very hard and dangerous work, and many lives are lost every year while thus engaged, and many families of the

Mrs. Ensign Cooper, Grand Bank, Nfld.

place have had one or more of its members swallowed up by the mighty ocean. Happily, the loss of life is steadily decreasing every year.

Schooner and house-building forms the winter employment, and everybody is busy.

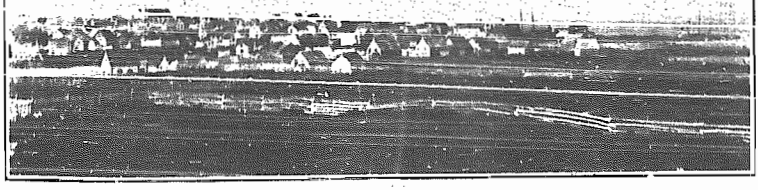
The S. A. opened fire here in the Spring of '87, and still works and fights for the salvation of lost souls. Hundreds of people have knelt at the penitent form, and got saved, in some cases scores in one week; but, sad to say, some of those cleansed have forgotten "the hole from which they had been dug." We thank God, however, for those who still remain and fight in the ranks, while some have laid down the cross and taken up the crown.

Most of the people here still attend our meetings, and many, too, who come from other places to engage in the summer fishery, although belonging to different denominations on the island, make the Army their church for the season. By the way, it is well worthy of anybody's notice how well the Army is adapted to secure the attendance of all classes of people.

A good and prominent feature of the people of Grand Bank is their liberality. They help us with their money. This is true, too, of others who come to the place that I have already referred to. In our last H. F. effort, concluded a few weeks ago, we raised $25 over our target, and $300 is already promised toward the new barracks that we are just starting. This is sufficient evidence that they are not at all stingy God bless them.

The census meeting has just been held, and we find that Salvationists in this town number 244. Not so bad, is it? In some respects we are getting on better footing, therefore we expect this number will be rapidly increased.

Our day school, which is now recognized and assisted by the Government, will be opened in a few days' time, and under the management of Lieut. LeDrew, who is a well-saved, as well as a graduated teacher, and will doubtless be of eternal, as well as temporal, benefit to the children. May it be the means of turning their feet into the paths of righteousness, and God's work in this place will take root downward and bear fruit upward, and in a few years from now we'll be even a stronger, and better, and still happier people.—B.



View of Grand Bank, Nfld.

Hamilton Campaign.

The P.O., Chancellor, and Other Specials Conduct Four Days' Red-Hot Meetings in Hamilton.

On Saturday evening crowds gathered around the open-air meeting, although it was chilly. They seemed anxious to drink in the words spoken by the Brigadier and Staff-Captain Stanyon, and to listen to the songs of salvation from Ensign McClelland, and Capts. Downey and McNaney. Collections for the evening were doubled, and everyone got a taste of what was coming on Sunday.

On Sunday morning the soldiers gathered in good numbers for knee-drill, where God really met with us. The Brigadier, raising the banner of, "God and the Army expects every man to do his duty."

In the holiness meeting God spoke in a wonderful manner through the Brigadier and Staff-Captain, and about fifteen stood for consecration, among whom was an ex-officer who

Volunteered for Service

immediately.

At 2:30 the open-air meeting conducted by Staff-Capt. Stanyon was a treat. Oh, how the people stand at our open-air meetings in Hamilton! May God help us to grasp this opportunity of reaching the hearts and consciences of men and women whom we ourselves cannot reach. The afternoon meeting was good in every particular. The people were drawn by the singing of the specials, which was excellent. Conviction was deepened in this meeting.

At night the crowd that gathered around our open-air meeting was an evidence of the confidence the people have in the work of the Army. At the inside meeting everyone prayed and the Brigadier, under the power of God, excelled himself, and

Six Precious Souls

came to God. Oh, the joy there must have been in the presence of the angels of God over those six! The finances were doubled, $22.00 being raised.

At Dundas.

On Monday evening, the Hamilton band, about fifty soldiers, and the specials, struck the town of Dundas, and were the means of helping the corps, financially and spiritually.

On Wednesday evening we turned our attention to Hamilton II. The hall was crowded to the doors, and old No. II. received a shaking up. Capt. and Mrs. LeCocq were encouraged, and believe that great things are in store for this corps. God bless them!—J. A. Baird

THE SOLDIERS' COUNCIL.

The writer lined out that beautiful, soul-inspiring song, "Love Divine, from Jesus flowing," which was sung heartily by the troops present, numbering one hundred and twenty-five. God came very near to us as we prayed for His presence with us. A beautiful medley was sung by the Hallelujah Quartet, and after a few opening remarks by the Brigadier, Staff-Captain Stanyon soloed, "The joy that is under the cross."

The Brigadier read a verse from the eleventh chapter of II. Timothy, basing his remarks on the words, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and probably those present never spent a more profitable twenty minutes, as the Brigadier spoke on the subject, "A Model Soldier," with that skill and tact which commanded the attention of everyone present. The points dealt with, the incidents and illustrations ably sketched, cannot help but live in our memory and be profitable to our work as the days go by. One of the most impressive soldiers' councils the writer has had the privilege of attending was brought to a close by a number consecrating their lives to Him Who is able to help them to conquer.

We appreciate the toil, thought, and effort the Brigadier put forth to bless and help us, and hope the object of the council will not be in vain, but that we shall march on more united and loyal to the principles of our glorious Army than ever.—Froggie.

A PURE HEART.

BY THE GENERAL.

I HAVE been visiting the Salvationists of Switzerland, Italy, and France. Everywhere I find vast openings for the Salvation Army; everywhere I have met with dear comrades longing to make the most of their opportunities; and everywhere it has seemed to me that more hot religion would make these comrades equal to the splendid chances of usefulness that lie right before them.

But is it not the same in Great Britain, America, Australia, and in every other part of the world to which these letters will come? Is it not so in your corps, nay, is it not so with every individual soldier now listening to my words?

Now, as I have explained to you before, by red-hot religion I mean

Hearts Made Hot with Love for God,

for comrades, for perishing souls, for noble work, and for every other good thing possible to men and women on earth or in heaven.

Hearts hot with holy love. Such love that it compels us to go out in toil and sacrifice to seek the welfare of the object cared for. Love that makes its possessor the servant of those beloved, and exercises a self-sacrificing mastery over the heart that experiences it. Love like our Master's—"For herein is love, not that we loved Him, but that He first loved us."

Look at the mother's love. Does it not make her sacrifice time, comfort, and health for her child?

Look at the patriot's love. Does it not compel him to turn his back on home, family, business, to fight and die for his country?

And so the Salvationist's love will make him lay all he possesses at the feet of his Lord, and then use health, time, goods, and all he has, in blessing and saving the souls of men.

Now, it is this spirit of love, as I have often told you, which makes this blessed heat in the souls of men and women. As

The Devil Lights, and Keeps Burning, the Fires of Malice,

and ambition, and selfishness, and pride, and lust, and the other evils that carry souls forward in their warfare with God, and keeps them rushing down the broad way to destruction; so it is the Holy Spirit Who creates and maintains the fierce heat of pure love that makes the Salvationist watch, and pray, and toil, and talk, and suffer—careless of what it costs him to do so, if he can only gain the blessed object on which his heart is set.

But the Holy Spirit only dwells and rules, with all His mastering power and burning zeal, in souls that have been cleansed from evil; so that if you are resolved to spend your life in blessing and saving men, and fighting for your Lord, you must have a pure heart.

And a pure heart will make you a blessing to those about you, not merely arising out of what you do, but from the simple fact of what you are. People will, no doubt, be drawn to love Christ, and seek salvation, and fight for the Army, by what you say and sing. Your appeals and your prayers will all affect them, but they will also be led to God, and holiness, and heaven by what they see you are.

A Pure Heart Makes a Good Life.

Now, goodness is attractive; men respect it, and are drawn to it for what it is in itself. Even if they are themselves the slaves of what is bad and devilish, they cannot help admiring what is holy and Divine. And if this is so with the slaves of sin and vice, it is a thousand times more so with those around you who have been captivated by the charms of holiness. To such hearts, your life, if governed and inspired by pure love, will be a constant source of light and strength.

This is what we call influence. It is something that is always going on. It is like the fragrance of a rose. You take the flower, and place it in the middle of a room, and day and night it will send forth a sweet smell to all around. You have not to do anything at it or with it. You need not move it, or wave it about, or pass it around. It will send forth its pleasant perfume quite apart from all that.

So it is with the soldier who enjoys purity of heart, and lives in harmony with it. There will be a holy influence proceeding, not only from what he says and does, but from the man himself.

You feel the power, and the sweetness, and the genuineness of his spirit and devotion. And when you see him in action—as you hear his testimony, listen to his prayers, hear his pleading with sinners, whether in the hall or out of it—this blessed influence goes out from him. As you look him in the eyes and shake him by the hand; or when you see him in the furnace of affliction, or stand by his dying bed, and follow him to the grave; nay, long after he has passed from mortal sight, this influence continues to flow out to you. For years to come, a sight of the photograph, or the barest mention of his name, will warm your heart, and increase your courage, and faith, and love for all that is Christlike and true. Why is this, my comrade? It is because

You Believed He was a Holy Man.

You felt that he had a pure heart.

Another inducement should draw you, my comrades, to a determined search for a pure heart, and that is, because it brings with it a good hope. This is a precious treasure. To feel that whatever clouds may darken the sky, or whatever sorrows may sweep over your soul, there is good ground for anticipating brightness and joy in the future, must be a precious and desirable thing.

But no soldier can say, with confidence, "It will be well with me—living, dying, in the Judgment, and for ever—I know it—believe it—am sure of it!" unless he has the consciousness that he is doing the will of God; that is, unless he has a pure heart.

A soldier who knows that he sincerely loves God, and that he is living in obedience to Him, has an inward assurance that

God Will Care for Him, Whatever Troubles May Arise.

Whereas one who feels that he has malice, hatred, pride, love of the world, and other wrongs hidden away in his secret soul, and who knows that he is daily neglecting his duty to his family, or to himself, his corps, or the poor sinners around him, can no more have a bright hope that God is going to make him a happy future, than the sinners can expect that they are going to have heaven at the end of a sinful life. He may hope for it, but it will be like the hope of the hypocrite, certain to be destroyed.

But when the soul has the witness of the Spirit, and a consistent life to inward purity, it can look forward with confidence to victory over every foe, deliverance out of every sorrow, and in the end glory and honor, immortality and eternal life.

Have These Blessed Experiences any Charm for You?

Let me review them. I think they are entrancing.

1. There is the holy life that will always be the outcome of a holy heart. If the fountain spring is pure, the flowing waters of daily life and action will be pure also.

2. There is the peace of God that passeth all understanding, which comes by inward holiness. The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, that casteth up mire and dirt. Any evil left in the soul must make trouble. Purity and peace are bound together by God Himself.

3. There is the presence and indwelling of God as a flame of holy love, which is the strength and spirit of holiness. This is the fiery baptism which burns up hatred, and grudges, and self-seeking, and self-will, and purifies all our motives and affections.

4. There is the useful life and the holy example that flow from a pure heart; that shall not only speak in favor of God and holiness while you live, but shall go on influencing the world long after you have passed to your reward in the skies.

5. There is the blooming hope of the future and the brightness of your crown in eternity.

The realization of all these blessednesses, my comrades, hangs on your possessing a pure heart.

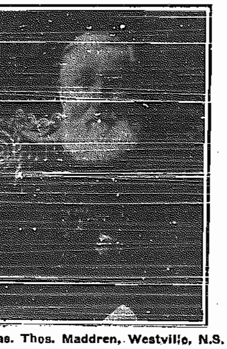
These are only some of the sacred charms that flow out of this eternal spring of purity and power. Have you got this treasure? If so, Hallelujah! If not, I want you to go down and seek it to-night. God can sanctify you now.

Our Local Officers.

LIFE SKETCH OF TREAS. TOMMIE MADDREN, OF WESTVILLE, N.S.

By ENSIGN G. P. THOMPSON.

WHO has not heard of Treasurer Tommie Maddren? He is one of those little men that cannot be passed by unnoticed, for if you did not chance to see him pass, you, perhaps would hear a "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord!" or something characteristic of that little Cornishman.



Treas. Thos. Maddren, Westville, N.S.

Tommie was born at Land's End, in Cornwall, England, and came, with his wife and family, to Canada 37 years ago, as an emigrant to the gold diggings, at Renfrew, Halifax County.

After working there for three years, he came to Westville, where he has, for seven years, been employed in the Drummond Coal Mine.

Thinking to better himself, he left with his chum for a ramble in the West, and made straight for the Euroka gold fields. Many daring and humorous stories has Tommie to tell of

His Wild and Youthful Days,

but space forbids at present to record them. (This is a great pity.—Ed.) He says, "It's a wonder I haven't been hanged, or killed in some way."

On leaving San Francisco for the gold mines, Tommie said to himself, "I must work a dodge," and when at sea about seven or eight hours, he stepped up to one of the men and asked where the boat was bound for. They told him to Eureka gold mines. "Oh," says Tommie, "I'm a stranger on the wrong boat. I'll swim to the shore. Throw me overboard," and running to the side of the ship as if he would jump into the sea, was caught by one of the crew. They thought he had got insane, and could only console him by telling him that they would see that he got back again to where he left alright. At last the ship got into harbor, when Tommie went on shore, laughing up his sleeve over his cheap fare, while his chum had paid in full.

After staying at the gold fields for about two years, and accumulating a little pile of the "lucre," he returned, but not by the cheap boat.

On the first train he struck without his ticket, he met two policemen who were

Taking Two Other Men to the Lunatic Asylum.

His daring spirit urged him to go and join them, and he acted as those fellows did who sat between the policemen, and went on perhaps even a little farther. Of course, the policemen knew that he wasn't their man, but wishing to see some fun kept their mouths shut.

There's an end to all things, so the end was coming to Tommie's cheap ride. His two friends had to get off. So did Tommie. The policemen doffed their hats to him and said, "You'll do to travel," and left him outside the asylum door. So he paid his fare to the next station on another train, but in the meantime he provided an old hat, as he knew the run between the next two stations was a long one, and the conductor wouldn't likely ask for tickets very early on the road, and just as he was calling out, "Tickets, please!" Tommie stuck a piece of paper, very much like a ticket, in his hat, and put his head out through the window, so again he had to act the crazy man, jumping around and almost frightening everyone in the ear, crying out, "My hat is gone, ticket and all! Stop the train, stop the train!" At last the conductor got him to quiet down, by telling him the section men would get it, so the "little man," as the conductor called him, was not made to pay twice, and from that time, says Tommie, until I got home, I acted as a decent man, and paid my fare.

Tommie was a great drinker and gambler, and always appeared to come out right side up. He says, "I would sit for hours at a time

Telling the Boys Odd Stories,

and making them laugh, and then was the time drinks would come freely to him. There was nothing too bad for him to think of. He went on the streets at midnight and made sham fights by the dozens, and drew great crowds of people out of their house and would then run away.

"One night," he said, "I was late going home, and seen a waggon coming behind me, I lay down and began to groan as if I knew nothing. The man stopped his waggon, and, with the aid of another fellow who was passing, got me into it, and drove me off home. When he got out to get some person to help him get me into the house, I jumped out and ran away again, leaving the man threatening what he would do to me if he got hold of me."

After returning from the West, Tommie spent fifteen years in succession in the coal pit, and as he was getting old, he bought a little farm, and in this way he occupies himself at the present day.

He was saved

One Week After the Army Opened

fire on Westville, which is sixteen years ago, and has been working successfully for God ever since, trying to be as good for God as he had been had for the devil. He is one of the best collectors for special efforts in the corps, and people reckon if Tommie can't take up a good collection, either inside or out, nobody can.

Two years ago he was made Treasurer, and he has proved himself worthy of his name; he is sure to see that all corps liabilities are paid in full, and that the officers are not burdened with any debt. Every man in the town will say that Tommie Maddren has been saved from a terrible lot of sin, and although the Treasurer has grey locks and 67 years to his credit, he is quite smart and can do a good day's work, give a rattling testimony in the open-air or inside meeting, can keep the door, carry the flag, or a torch for the band, and even sing a solo.

A Kansas minister informed his congregation just before the plates were passed around that the members who were in debt were not expected to contribute. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that the collection that day more than exceeded the minister's expectations.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

IT is very important that officers do not send girls or children to any of our Women's Social Institutions without making previous arrangements and obtaining the consent of the Matrons beforehand, as we have been put to a serious inconvenience in this way. We gladly help all who need us, but to avoid any disappointment on the part of applicants, we earnestly request officers and others to write us previously. Apply to the following addresses:—

Toronto.....Lieut.-Col. Mrs. Read, cor. James and Albert Sts.
London.......Adjutant McDonald, Riverview Ave., London S.
St. John, N.B.........Adjutant Holman, 36 St. James Street.
Montreal.................Adjutant Ellery, 943 St. Antoine Street.
Winnipeg....................Adjutant Langtry, 486 Young Street.
Halifax..........................Ensign Kerr, 71 [illegible] Street.
St. John's, Nfld.........................Ensign Wood, 26 Cook Street.
Ottawa.............................Adjutant Ward, 121 Daly Avenue.
Hamilton............................Captain Bell, 605 Main Street E.
Butte, Mont..........Ensign Ogilvie, 310 West Copper Street.
Spokane..........Staff-Capt. Jost, 739 Chandler Street South.
Vancouver.......................Ensign Sogar, 789 Seymour Street.

DARK DAYS

AND THEIR LESSONS

(Psalm cvii. 1-15.)

Dark days come to all. The world, full of aching hearts, is in great need of comforters. If, through prayer and God's grace, we have discerned

"Light after darkness,
Sun after rain,"

then let us turn comforters, and, with loving voice and sympathetic touch, strive to dispel the darkness from others' pathways.

Before any great progress can be made in our spiritual life we must know ourselves. We must know ourselves and our God. Adversity not only brings us into closer acquaintance with God, but also with ourselves. We must know our need before we can rightly ask. We must learn that poor, weak, human nature cannot be depended upon. We must fully realize the deceitfulness of our hearts. So God shuts us up with ourselves and Him, hedges us in with some great trial, "leads us out of one trouble into another until we come to leave all with Him," and learn the lesson that in having Him we do indeed have "all things."

Why this trial? Why this trouble? Why this affliction? are questions often upon the lips of the child of God in times of adversity. If the will of God is being brought out in the lives, dark days should be "red letter" days in a Christian's experience. For has He not chosen us to show to others how signally He can bless through sorrow? We become, in the hour of darkness, a light-house to the storm-tossed mariner. Therefore, let us hold in with His dealings with us, and let Him magnify His power and grace through our lives. Trials, troubles, afflictions, and adversity of any kind, may be, yes, often are, but "the shadow of God's wings as He draws near to bless us, and others through us."

Count Tolstoi tells of a man who, for thirty years, lay in a Russian cloister, totally paralyzed except his right hand. Uncomplainingly he suffered intense and hopeless pain, continually giving thanks to God for life itself. He was visited by thousands of people, whose own trouble sank into insignificance at the sight of his pain, and the fortitude and patience with which he bore it. Some of us may be called to glorify God in the same way; if so, let us rest assured that in no other way can our lives be more useful here, and in no other way can we be better fitted for the companionship of Jesus throughout the eternal ages.

I have read somewhere the story of a Swiss chamois hunter, who fell into a crevasse of the Mer de Glace. His situation seemed hopeless, but a stream of water flowed through the crevasse, and he determined to follow it. It ended in a chamber of valted ice, with no visible outlet. He could not go back and death was before him. He concluded there must be an outlet to all this boiling, whirling flood of water. Hope revived, and, with a prayer upon his lips, he plunged into the water. A moment of awful terror was before him, but he came out amid the flowering fields of the valley of Chamounix. This story fittingly illustrates the dark days of our Christian experience, and the lessons of hopefulness they would teach us.

It is said that some of the most splendid patterns of lace are spun in darkened rooms, the only light coming through a small window just above the work. God would have our lives surpass the most beautiful patterns of lace that brain can conceive or hands work. So He permits dark days to fall upon us, shutting out all things, except the heavenly rays of His boundless love. If we would see we must look up, and looking up we see love, and seeing love, we love.

"Looking up to this light, which is common to all,
And down to those shadows on each side that fall,
In Time's silent aisle, so various for each,
Is it nothing to know that they never can reach
So far but that light lies beyond them for ever?"

—J. R. Moulton.

Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater. Possession pampers the mind; privation trains and strengthens it.—Hazlitt.

NO DARKNESS WHERE GOD IS.

No man who is in fellowship with God, can walk in darkness. He therefore, who is showing by his character and conduct that he has not the Divine life indwelling his heart is denying by his life any fellowship with God.

It is noticeable that in the epistle of St. John, which deals with the deepest spiritual truths, the apostle reiterates the great truth that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin." This is, of course, a truth which, while applying to the unbeliever, is a not less needed and comforting assurance to the believer to whom it is here specially addressed.

Those walking in fellowship with God day by day discover, in the searching light of His purity and holiness, a new sense of shortcoming which needs the cleansing blood of Christ. If the devil can make us believe that we have no sin, he has accomplished a master-stroke. If we confess our sins God is just as faithful to forgive and cleanses us who are His children, as He is those who come to Him for the first time for pardon.

We have often noticed that the holiest men, those of the deepest spirituality, have been the men with the keenest sense of their shortcomings and unworthiness before God. To walk in fellowship with God is to have new light thrown upon the soul day by day, disclosing unsuspected sins and imperfections.

THE WAY TO OVERCOME FEAR OF DARKNESS.

Ask yourself if it is a tangible danger you fear, or if it is simply night itself. Sleep, in either case, with a low shaded light in your room. Satisfy your mind that you have no reason to be afraid, by that investigation of closets and the limbo under the bed, at which the brave are inclined to laugh. Exert your will to conquer this bondage, and also say your prayers and take comfort in knowing that God hears you. The darkness and the light are both alike to Him.—Margaret E. Sangster, in the December Ladies' Home Journal.

A FEARFUL PENALTY.

The following is from Hall's Journal of Health:

"A glass of beer can't hurt anybody! Why, I know a person—yonder he is now—a specimen of manly beauty, a portly six-footer; he has the bearing of a prince. He is one of our merchant princes. His face wears the hue of youth, and now, at the age of 50 odd, he has the quick, elastic step of our young men of 25, and none more full of wit and mirth than he; and I know that he never dines without a brandy and water, and never goes to bed without a terrapin, an oyster supper, with plenty of champagne, and, more than that, he has never been known to be drunk. So here is a living example and disproof of the temperance twaddle about the dangerous nature of another glass, and the destructive effects of a temperate use of good liquors."

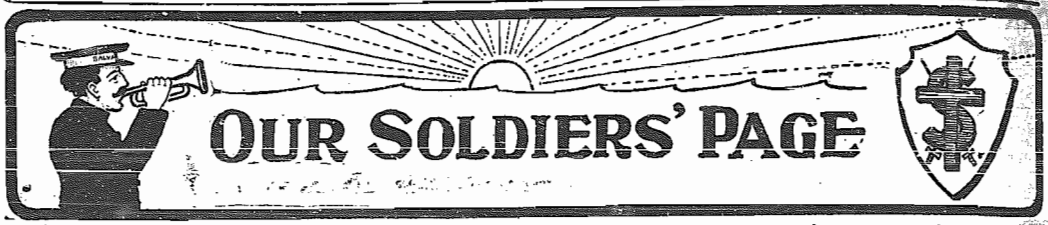
Now, it so happened that this specimen of safe brandy-drinking was a relative of ours. He died a year or two after that with chronic diarrhoea; a common end of those who are never drunk, but never out of liquor. He left his widow a splendid mansion uptown, and a clear five thousand a year, besides a large fortune to each of his children, for he had ships on every sea, and credit at every counter, but which he never had occasion to use.

For months before he died—he was a year dying—he could eat nothing without distress; in the midst of his millions, he died of inanition.

That is not half, reader. He had been a steady drinker, a daily drinker, for 28 years. He left a legacy to his children which he did not mention. Scrofula had been eating up one daughter for fifteen years; another is in the madhouse; the third and fourth were of unearthly beauty—there was a kind of grandeur in that beauty—but they blighted, and they paled and faded into heaven, we trust, in their sweetest teens; another is tottering on the verge of the grave, and only to one of them is left all the senses.

We fear that testimony has become more a habit than an expression of the true condition of the heart.

Temptation of Christ.



Daily Readings.

DIVINE ACQUAINTANCESHIP.

SUNDAY.

No Exclusion in Christ's Circle.—Matt. xi. 19.

All worldly society is exclusive. Castes of birth, and wealth, and talent make barriers against many, but in the acquaintanceship of the Cross there are no such limitations. Grace and not grandeur makes us worthy for fellowship Divine. The manger-cradle, the carpenter's bench, the publican's supper-table, and the ignominious companionship of the death hour, all manifest the outstretched hand which Christ holds to all classes and conditions. In His ennobling Friendship the great and the honored find the true level of their spiritual standing, while some who have here been of lowest degree shall sit in "heavenly places" hereafter.

MONDAY.

An Acquaintance of Peace, Power, and Profit.—Job xxii. 21.

Such an appellation can scarcely be applied to much of this world's acquaintanceship. On the contrary, with some of it the loss would be the greater gain. But these three characteristics unchangeably attend fellowship with the Divine. Knowledge of God in the consciousness of sins forgiven brings surpassing peace to the heart, communion with God in the meditation and prayer of an active spiritual life brings power for all outward conflict; unity with God in His purpose for us, and through us, brings the eternal profit found in following His ideal for our being and doing at all times and under all circumstances.

TUESDAY.

The Essential Introduction.—John xv. 14.

The onset of social recognition is presentation to the Crown. The kneeling salute to the royal hand is a symbol of perfect acquiescence to the sovereign will. All true friendship with Christ is based on the same principle. There can be no communion where there is not constant unity between the dictates of the Divine will and our own fulfilment of them. The absence of friction in the first discipleship may well be attributed to the absolute abandonment of each varying character to the mind and mandate of the Master.

WEDNESDAY.

More than Servants, Yet Less.—John xiii. 3-17.

Service is the spontaneous outcome of true friendship. Love never loses its dignity, and often stands the highest when it stoops the lowest. Where no friendship, which is but a name, fears to lose a power which it only seems to possess. The circle of acquaintance which binds all hearts affame with the purposes of a cross, is formed by links of mutual help and blessing. The Lord Himself gave us a practical illustration of how the most menial missions may be thus glorified.

THURSDAY.

Comrade Patriotism of the Cross.—Eph. ii. 19.

Patriotism makes men love each other, as well as their country, for there is no stronger link than a common cause. Yet there is not always the same bond between the fellow-citizens of a Better Country. Those who declare unfeigned devotion to their Master, sometimes lack even passing interest in matters which affect the hearts and lives of other of His servants. Enmity and indifference among those whose lips declare that their life is at the disposal, and under the control, of the law of love is a contradiction to every testimony of their life, and the source of terrible confusion in the minds of unsaved witnesses.

FRIDAY.

Eternal Recognition.—Matt. xxv. 35-40.

Many a worldly acquaintance that is unvalued is given the lie to on inconvenient occasions, and those who have professed friendship in private can forget it as easily when in the crowd. But this is not so with the Divine Friend—on that most public occasion in the history of a universe, which ushers in eternity. He will acknowledge all those who have had communion with Him in time. It is significant that the test of that recognition is described as the inasmuch, given or ungiven, to the least of His children.

SATURDAY.

The Wounds of a Friend.—Pro. xxvii. 9; Zech. xiii. 6.

Friendship has more than flattery to speak, but if its faithfulness inflicts some wounds, it bears with it its own value. Reminders from the Divine heart to our own sometimes bring the smart of a quickened conscience, but always with the revelation of the evil is the providence of the cure. But for the wounds which our half-heartedness or backslidings make upon the tenderness of Redeeming Love, there is no remedy save that of our repentance and return. Such bitterness is foreshadowed in the sad prophecy, "Wounded in the house of his friends."

Evolution of the Salvation Army.

(Continued.)

WOMEN'S VICTORIES.

From the very beginning, the General has firmly maintained the equality of women with men, as speakers and workers, in any department for which they had the needed strength and ability, and it is hardly necessary to dwell upon the fact that women have been gloriously useful in the Army, in such ways as they are kindly permitted to be useful in elsewhere.

The First Woman-Captain.

The suggestion of putting a little, outlying station under the command of a woman was the first during experiment of placing direct responsibility on a woman's shoulders: but Annie Davis, now Mrs. Commissioner Ritsdel, of Norway, in the streets, and in the little upstairs Bethel of Barkingt England, effectually settled the question whether a women was capable of managing a station successfully. Who that heard it will ever forget the triumph of her description of her tenure of office at that little place, as she spoke of it at a meeting of the Evangelists around the General's fireside, at Christmas, 1875, winding up with the assurance that she had not only left behind her a good society and congregation, free from debt and fear, and ready to go forward, in the strength of the Lord, to greater and greater victories, but that she had even amassed a balance in hand of ten shillings towards the payment of the first week's salary of the young man who was to succeed her, and of whose ability to keep things together as well as the little woman had done was, perhaps, a little open to question.

But even the unquestionable success of Annie Davis, and others, in the small stations upon which the experiment was tried, could hardly be taken as conclusive evidence with regard to the probability of their useful employment as the leaders in a great attack upon a large population, and three years rolled away before this question was put to the test.

Even to those who were most familiar with all the circumstances, it would be impossible to say just why, in 1878, and no sooner than 1878, a cloud of women-officers was sent flying all over the country, with full power to attack and take full possession of towns, just as the men had done. Of course, these plodding and determined women-evangelists had been steadily winning the road to increased opportunity and power during the three years in which their labors were confined to small East-End congregations; and there is an old law, the fulfilment of which nobody can prevent, that "He that hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have abundance." God had already been proving that the "He" of that, and other promises, was never intended to include only men; and it was, therefore, seen, beyond all doubt, that there was a number of godly women who were just as certain, if not more certain, to win many souls, and to direct operations successfully, as the men, wherever they were allowed to do so. But it is a singular coincidence, at any rate, that only in the year after conferences and committees had been left behind, was the gate of usefulness thrown wide open before these "weaker vessels."

On Saturday morning, the 30th of March, 1878.

The First Two Hallelujah Lasses

left King's Cross for Felling-on-Tyne. "The cross was before my eyes," writes one of them afterwards, "and fastening some blue ribbon to a white handkerchief, I said I would be 'true blue' to God and the mission." That woman, and her like-minded sister, kept their word, and some idea of the result may be gathered from the following account of their first glorious days.

They arrived at Felling at seven o'clock that Saturday night, after which they had a prayer meeting, which did not conclude until eleven o'clock, and on Monday morning we received the following telegram: "500 afternoon; 800 night; offerings £2; six souls; lot in pickle; three open-air meetings; glorious times!"

From that day the dreadful expression, "in pickle," so often quoted against us, has been a standing phrase, expressing, perhaps, only a little too pungently, a standing reality. The fact remains, beyond all dispute, that at Felling, that Sunday night, and, thank God, in thousands of other places since, men who had come to hear the lasses for the first time, after a life of indifference to religion, went away in such a condition of heartache and wretchedness about their sins, that it was next door to impossible for them to sleep, eat, or work, until they had been completely cured. That was all the sisters meant by describing them as being "in pickle," and all, we presume, that the apostles meant by describing their hearers as being "pricked."

Those indefatigable sisters went out at half-past ten that Sunday morning, marching through the town and getting a grand crowd of men, women, and children. They did not cease the open-air work till half-past twelve, and they were at it again at two for another hour. The total impression made in the neighborhood that first day was expressed by an old man, who exclaimed, says the report,

"We Had Brought a New Religion

from London. We preach holiness unto the Lord, and the saints do look when we tell them we can live without sin. We do, bless the Lord!—Rachel and Louisa Ager."

The work at Felling went forward, and at the Congress, in August, Rachel was able to report that 450 poor sinners had sought the Lord in the 19 weeks, during which she had been in the place, and that a thoroughly devoted society were ready to go forward, day after day, and do anything for the Master.

The Revival in Wales.

But on that occasion Kate Watts, now the wife of Colonel Taylor, was able to report even greater triumph, in view of the fact that she had been sent to Merthyr, in South Wales, at a time when the town was in the deepest distress owing to the stoppage of many of the principal works in which the inhabitants were engaged. It would be impossible to improve upon the words in which she herself reported the victory. She said:

"I never realized I was going so far until the train was gliding out of the Paddington Station, and then my heart sunk within me, and I felt I had only God to fall back upon. And from that moment to this He has continually helped me. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

"A poor old woman got into the train, and as I talked to her about her soul she cried bitterly; but then she had to get out. And then a sweep got in. I was alone, and getting near to Wales, and my heart began to shiver when the sweep came in with his brushes. I had a few words with him, and then I had to get out.

"The rain was pouring in torrents as I got out, and I thought of all the filthy places I had ever seen, that Merthyr was the worst. Mr. Booth had told me it was a filthy place; but I thought it was worse. The poverty was something awful, the wickedness was shocking, and the dirt was abominable.

"The next day, Saturday, was market-day, and we picked the very best place in the town, where there was crowds of people, and took our stand. I trembled, and felt as if I would rather go anywhere, or give up anything, than go there. But God said, 'I will go with thee.'

"When I stood in the square I lifted up my heart to God, and I could not open my lips scarcely at first. Sister P—— gave out a verse, and we sang it, and the people crowded round us by hundreds. We spoke to them as long as we could, and I have never been nervous since.

"There had only been one hundred bills put out for us; but we announced our services. The people followed us home, and then they could see no more.

On the Sunday afternoon, after our open-air meeting,

We Dare Not Sing Down the Street,

but only walked along, and the people followed us until we had 1,500 in the Drill Hall; out we met an equal

"Oh, I forgot to say that we had a brother, from Cardiff, over to help us.

"When we concluded, we thought it was a hard place."

(To be continued.)

It is not the so-called blessings of life, its sunshine and calm, and pleasant experiences, that make men, but its rugged experiences, its storms and tempests and trials. Early adversity is often a blessing in disguise.—W. Mathews.

PILGRIMS' PROGRESS.

A SALVATION ARMY VERSION.

By CAPT. COPPERFIELD.

BOOK THE SECONO.

CHAPTER XV.

At Vanity Fair.

The Captain and Tiny Tim were both willing to remain with the widow for a few days longer, and the Commissioner did not object to this proposal. So, after a few words of prayer, and a cheering chat with Tiny Tim, they again started, singing as they went—

"What is the use of all the form,
Unless you know you're saved ?
It is no use at all."

Thus they went on until they came to the place where Salvationist met with Pilgrim and Faithful, and told them what he feared would befall them in Vanity Fair town. So the Commissioner pointed out the place to them, and told them what had happened there.

Honest: "Bless my heart! It must have been a hard thing for them to bear."

Com.: "Yes, but he gave them courage also. Besides, they were a couple of lion-hearted men, and set their faces toward the Celestial City like a flint. Do you not remember hearing how bravely they faced the unjust judge, and even death?"

H.: "Yes, Faithful suffered as a martyr, I am told."

Com.: "And God was glorified thereby. Good came out of it, for Hopeful, and some others, were converted through his death."

H.: "Tell me something more about Pilgrim, and those he met with."

Com.: "Well, after leaving Vanity Fair he met with an arch-villian, named Turncoat."

H.: "Turncoat? Who was he?"

Com.: A downright hypocrite. One who pretended to be religious whichever way the wind blew, but so cunning was he that he would be sure not to lose by it. He would, every now and then, turn from one denomination to another denomination, and from one abomination to another abomination! And would prove from Scripture—which he would handle as deceitfully as ever I saw anyone do—that he was quite right in so doing. But, as far as I could learn, he came to a bad end, and the curse that came upon him seemed to follow his children, too. When a man would save his life, the Bible says, he shall lose it."

Now, by this time they were come to the outskirts of the town of Vanity Fair, so they consulted with one another how they should best pass through it. So some said they thought one thing, and some another.

At last the Commissioner said, "I have often conducted pilgrims through this town, and so am acquainted with a friend of the Army here, one Mr. Episcopalian, a magistrate, and a very pious man in his way, at whose house we may all lodge, for it is a large one. Come along, and follow me closely."

A Friend's House.

So they followed him, and, as the sun had set some time now, and it was dark, they got to the house without being noticed by the townsfolk. As the Commissioner called, the old gentleman at once recognized his voice, and said:

"Is that you, brother? Come up, and bring your comrades—as many as ever you like!"

"Praise the Lord, for bringing us thus far on our journey," said the Commissioner. Then they all knelt in silent prayer, according to a custom pilgrims used to have when entering or leaving a house.

"I am delighted to receive you all," said Mr. Episcopalian, "you are welcome to my house in the name of the Lord, to Whom I owe whatever of this world's goods I possess. Now, make yourselves at home, and you shall have some real Army tea in a few minutes." And he carried out his promise.

"How fortunate," said he, "that tonight is our drawing-room prayer-meeting night, and the friends who have joined us will be here in twenty minutes. You see, Commissioner," he said, addressing him, "I have taken your advice, and done my best to gather together a few Christians living in this sinful town, so as to pray for the revival which we all so much need. Unfortunately, we are split up into various denominations, so cannot show that united front to our common enemy that I am persuaded we should. Still, through this prayer meeting, in a great measure, a better spirit prevails among us, and we are becoming more united, and agreeing to disagree on minor matters. We are beginning to see how foolish we have been when fighting each other over some baptism or sacrament question, while the vast majority of our townsfolk are dead souls, who, first of all, need salvation."

"The Major got much concerned about their souls' salvation."

It was not long before Mr. Baptist, the Rev. Mr. Presbyterian, Mr. Wesleyan, Mr. P. Brethren, Rev. New Connection, Mrs. Congregationalist, and Miss Moravian arrived in single file. Some of them, the ladies especially, were dressed a bit stylish, from an Army standpoint, it must be confessed.

Everybody seemed to expect the Commissioner to lead the prayer meeting, which he did, and a very soul-refreshing time was spent in reading, prayer, and praise. Indeed, many wept, and all laid themselves upon the altar for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and for service.

"I feel that we are on the right lines now," said Mr. Episcopalian, as he went around shaking hands with everybody present, "and that God is going to bless us, and use us in this very town."

The Influence Left Behind.

After the prayer meeting, their kind host introduced the pilgrims to his interdenominational friends. When he told them who Christians was, they were both surprised and delighted at meeting with her, on account of the influence for good that her husband and Faithful had on the town.

Then said Mr. Honest, "How is public opinion here now regarding pilgrims, and religion in general?"

Baptist: "People are much more moderate now in their opposition, than they formerly were. The blood of Faithful has made a mark that cannot be wiped out, and they know it, and feel it. In those days we were afraid to walk the streets, but now we have a good-sized chapel, besides a school-room. At that time there was only one church in the whole town; now there are four or five, besides a few meeting-houses."

Wesleyan: "Only we haven't got the Army here yet—that is, not the real one. Two ex-officers were here last year, but we told them that they had better treat us as they had treated the General, whom they vowed to follow as a leader, but had deserted. We all said that if we were to have the Army, let us have the real thing, and not the bogus one. If you were to open a corps here, Mr. Pearson, would you take away the few members we have, to become Salvationists?"

Com.: "Why should we?"

Baptist: "Where would you get your members from, then?"

Com.: "Out of the publichouses, from the race course, from the dancing saloon, and from anywhere else where the Lord chose to give them to us."

Baptist: "I don't think you should accept any church members on any account, to be Salvationists, even if they wish to come ever so much."

Com.: "Considering the fact that only about one-third of our converts join us, that inducements are being continually held out to our soldiers, and even officers, to leave us, and join the churches (as many do), if God chooses out a Baptist or a Wesleyan here or there, should either you or we attempt to frustrate His plans concerning them?"

Baptist: "Well, you see, I never looked at it from that standpoint before. I spoke selfishly, but see the wisdom of what you say now."

Wesleyan: "But since you say so small a percentage of your converts become members of the Army, perhaps it would be a good thing if you did send officers here, and open a corps—I wish you would."

Com.: "Keep believing; we will come as quickly as the Lord sends us. It were folly to come before."

So they sat talking and spending the time, until supper was placed on the table, of which they all partook, before the visitors went away, and the pilgrims retired to rest for the night.

A Revival.

Commissioner Pearson had no commission from the Lord, through I.H.Q., to open the town of Vanity Fair, but he, and those who were with him, spent not only days, but some weeks, in helping the Wesleyans, whose minister was sick. This work was so pleasant to the Holy Spirit, that quite a revival broke out, and souls were saved night after night. In fact, the trouble seemed to be to close a meeting when it was once started. It is true that some of those who were the first to profess conversion had already, through a profession of faith, joined the church as members. Some of the leaders said they did not like this sort of thing, but the blessings that followed were so manifest that they themselves got filled to the overflowing, and "fished" like Salvationists in the prayer meetings. Not only were soul-saving meetings held every night, but early morning prayer meetings, or "knee-drills," were started for the young converts. Even during the day Commissioner Pearson had little rest, as he was either being sent for to visit and pray with some family, or people under conviction of sin would visit him, so that he might deal with them personally concerning their soul's salvation. And this in "Gospel-hardened" Vanity Fair!

It must not be understood from these facts that most of the people of the town got converted, or even that the majority of them got much concerned about their soul's salvation. But hundreds did, and when, after a few weeks, the attendance got somewhat less (through the curiosity of some being satisfied), the well-timed arrival of Tiny Tim, sitting on the shoulders of Capt. Love-lamb, and shouting "Hallelujah!" and with his little crutch waving in his hand, caused such a sensation in the town that the Wesleyan chapel was again crowded to overflowing. Those who would not have come to see the Archbishop of Jerusalem, they said (whoever he might be), came along to hear little Tiny Tim, helped the collection, and listened to his plaintive pleading, with tears in his eyes.

Nor did opposition cease. On two or three occasions, the devil tried hard to upset the meetings; but, although, as James remarked on a previous occasion, he was mighty, there was One on the side of the Pilgrim Party Who was almighty! And so some of the very ring-leaders surrendered, and changed sides, before the mission was over.

(To be continued.)

The Cheerful Crippie.

COSTLY ADVICE.

When in a certain country district, a month or two ago, says a business man, having an idle hour, I strolled into the country court-room, where I witnessed an amusing scene. The justice a big, pompous official, with a voice like a trombone, took it upon himself to examine a witness, a little, withered old man, whose face was as red and wrinkled as a herring.

"What is your name?" asked the justice.

"Why, squire," said the astonished witness, "you know my name as well as I know yourn."

"Never you mind what I know or what I don't know," was the caution given, with magisterial severity. "I ask the question in my official capacity, and you're bound to answer it."

With a contemptuous snort the witness gave his name, and the questioning proceeded.

"Where do you live?"

"Wal, what next?" ejaculated the old man. "Why," he continued, appealing to the laughing listeners, "I've lived in this town all me life and so's he," pointing to the justice, "an' to hear him go on you'd think——"

"Silence!" thundered the irate magistrate. "Answer my questions, or I'll fine you for contempt of court."

Alarmed by the threat the witness named the place of his residence, and the examination went on.

"What is your occupation?"

"Eh?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, git out, squire! Just as if you don't know that I tend gardens in the summer season and saw wood in the winter!"

"As a private citizen I know it, but as the court I am not supposed to know anything about you," explained the perspiring justice.

"Wal, squire," remarked the puzzled witness, "if you know somethin' outside the court-room and don't know nothin' in it, you'd better git out and let somebody try this case that's got some sense."

The advice may have been good, but it cost the witness $10.

"ROYAL DISCONTENT."

Every single day should be to you a day of royal discontent. You never thought as well as you ought to think. You never meant as highly as you ought to mean. You never planned as nobly as you ought to plan. You never executed as well as you ought to execute. Over the production of the scholar, over the canvas of the artist, over the task of the landscape gardener, over the pruner's knife, there ought to hover perpetually his ideal ideal, telling him, "Your work is poor—it should be better," so that everyday he should lift himself higher and higher, with an everlasting pursuit of hope which shall only end in perfection when he reaches the land beyond.—H. W. Beecher.

Have Christ crowned within, and you will never have to study what to say when you go to testify.

WAR CRY

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GAZETTE.

Appointments—

ENSIGN LARDER, furlough, to Rossland, B.C.

Marriage—

ENSIGN A. G. BROWN, who came out of Tilt Cove, November 14th, '93, now stationed at Carbonear, to Lieut. Leah Gosse, who came out of Bay Roberts, Nov. 16th, '98, last on furlough, at Carbonear, on November 14th, '01, by Brigadier Sharp.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Editorial.

Christmas Dinner.

The Commissioner's decision to make the usual Christmas Dinner for the poor in Toronto a big affair, to include, if possible, every man, woman and child who cannot afford to enjoy that luxury, in commemoration of that glad day of Christendom when our Lord took upon Himself a body of flesh and blood, will be a welcome one. Christmas brings with it a peculiar charm of recollections which poverty and suffering often turn into bitterness. To have somebody invite the poor to a well-spread feast, in a warm, bright hall, will be to them a better proof that Christianity is a practical religion than the finest discourse upon the birth of Christ. Let us, then, generously and willingly provide and press others to help in providing a bountiful spread.

The Commissioner's Health.

In response to the frequent enquiries which have reached us about the health of Miss Booth, we wish to state that her health is now much more satisfactory than we have been able to say since her last illness. She has stood the fatigue of her great Massey Hall meeting, and the trying Anniversary Councils, better than the most sanguine expectations, and since then has given her time to the direction of S. A. affairs from her office at the Temple. The Commissioner has wisely avoided any public engagements since, in order to allow her to recover her strength fully, and not run any risks, when she enters upon her next public campaign.

We are pleased to announce that, at the time of going to press, Miss Booth is engaged in writing her contribution to the pages of the Christmas War Cry, entitled, "Wonderful," which will be the leading article of that special number.

Prosperity is no just scale. Adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.—Plutarch.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER,
MISS BOOTH,
WILL CONDUCT
A GREAT PUBLIC MEETING
IN CONNECTION WITH THE
OPENING OF THE NEW BARRACKS, BRANTFORD,
Monday, December 16th.
THE CHIEF SECRETARY WILL ASSIST.

EASTERN TRIUMPHS.

(By Wire.)

Visit of Brigadier Sharp to Cape Breton District, tremendous time. Sydney, opening of new hall and Hallelujah Wedding, a mighty success; place packed out, and seventy dollars income. Louisburg, the new opening, visited; hall gorged. Brigadier at his best, seven souls, people delighted with the Army. Glace Bay, week-end; hall packed, mighty power of God working, eight souls, fifty-six dollars income, soldiers and officers delighted.—J. S. McLEAN, Adjt.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

(By wire.)

Twillingate and Bonavista campaign concluded, Brigadier Pugmire in command. Marvelous manifestation of God's Spirit. Officers' Councils were heavenly. Sixty-nine seekers at the penitent form yesterday. Total of one hundred seekers for five days. Officers and soldiers all on fire for a revival. We send loving greetings to our Commissioner and Canadian comrades.—Brigadier Pugmire.

ADJUTANT LANGTRY PROMOTED TO GLORY.

The Death of the Faithful Officer Stirs Winnipeg.

(By Wire.)

Adjt. Langtry promoted to Glory Saturday, after six weeks' constant suffering. Event stirred city, the press commenting on her life's work and her death. Touching services at Rescue Home. It was a beautiful sight, when seven girls sought the Saviour while kneeling around the casket. Great crowd at afternoon funeral service, which was an impressive time. Loving message from Commissioner read to vast assembly. Funeral procession, with full force of soldiers, band, and officers. Marked impression on crowds lining streets. At night the Citadel was crowded to utmost capacity. Brigadier leading. Most impressive address. Mrs. Southall and relatives wonderfully sustained. Seven seekers, making in all fourteen for the day.—The Chancellor.

GREAT BATTLE AT TILSONBURG.

(Special.)

Another great battle fought and the victory won. Barracks packed, finances good, and four souls in the fountain for the week-end. Interest is rising. Great expectation. Soul-Saving Troupe on fire. Devil raging. His kingdom is coming down. Fire a volley! Amen!—W. O.

Boerhaave remarked: "The sparks of calumny will soon go out, if you do not blow them."

Territorial Newslets

The Commissioner will open the Brantford new Citadel, on Monday, Dec. 15th. Some of Brantford's leading citizens will take part in the opening ceremonies. The Chief Secretary will accompany the Commissioner.

Preparations are well in hand for the Christmas Young Soldier, which will be a special double number, and the same size as last year. The Commissioner has kindly promised to contribute the leading article. Other interesting contributions are already to hand. The general contents will be bright and spicy, and the children are in for a treat. We trust the sales will fully justify the extra labor and expense, and that this special number will bring to the front our children's weekly, which should have a much wider circulation than its present. The price will be as usual—one cent.

Major Collier has been incapacitated for a week, owing to a slight attack of bronchitis. The Major is again at his work, we are pleased to say.

A new badge for Corps-Cadets has been designed, and will shortly be on sale by the Trade Department.

The Printing Department is now running at high pressure, with the Christmas Cry and other Christmas work.

We desire to express our most sincere sympathy with Brigadier and Mrs. Southall in their late sorrow. Mrs. Langtry was a true warrior, and her decease will be lamented throughout the Territory.

We regret to learn that Adjt. Alward's father has passed away, and his mother, and other members of the family, are very ill. Will every comrade kindly remember the Adjutant and Mrs. Alward at the Throne of Grace.

Staff-Capt. Archibald reports that his week-end meetings, at the Central Prison, were fraught with success. On Saturday night fifteen hands were raised, and on Sunday afternoon nearly forty expressed a desire to lead a better life.

Charlie Kim, the converted Chinaman, from Ottawa, specialled at the Temple on Sunday last. He is anxious to learn English, and do something for the salvation of his race.

The League of Mercy Sisters, of Toronto, are doing a good work. Last Monday two of our sisters conducted a successful meeting at the Mercer Reformatory at which eight were converted.

IMPORTANT.

The Chief Secretary is anxious to have the names of all Salvationists in the Territory holding 1st, 2nd, or 3rd class teachers' certificates. Whether officers or soldiers, if you hold such kindly communicate, at once, with Colonel Jacobs, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

THE WEEK

Queen Wilhelmina, of the Netherlands, has recovered. Serious disagreements are reported to have taken place between herself and her husband.

Twenty-seven men were killed, and the same number seriously injured by a boiler explosion, at Detroit.

Miss Stone, the American Missionary, held by Bulgarian brigands, has not yet been released. The brigands refuse to accept less than $110,000 as a ransom. Some people believe that Miss Stone is dead.

The population of the Australian Commonwealth, according to the latest census, is 3,775,356.

There are now thirty-one cases of small-pox in Montreal civic hospital, and fifteen houses under quarantine.

A disastrous railway collision took place on the Wabash Railroad, near Seneca, Mich. Five or six coaches of an emigrant train were crushed, and several other cars telescoped. The list of dead, injured, and burned will be between seventy-five and one hundred and fifty. Many people were caught like rats in a trap. To complete the horror, the wreck caught fire. Those who were not instantly killed were burned to death.

Four miners were killed in an explosion, near Rock Lake Mine, near Sault Ste. Marie.

Small-pox is increasing in Quebec city, and spreading through the country districts.

The refugees permitted to return weekly to the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies will be doubled. Six additional mines will also begin operations again.

It is said that about seventy Boer commandoes are still in the field, ranging in strength from fifty to four hundred men. The British troops in South Africa, free for pursuit, number forty-five thousand men.

Property worth nearly one million dollars was destroyed by a recent fire in New York.

A young Canadian was eaten by wolves while lumbering at Rock Lake, on the Gatineau.

Queen Marie Henrietta, of Belgium, is ill.

The population of Toronto, by the police census, is 221,583.

The Duke of Teck was thrown from a horse while out hunting, sustaining concussion of the brain, and other injuries. The Duke is a brother of the Princess of Wales.

The revolution of Columbia has ended, by the surrender of Colon to the Liberal forces.

An anarchistic meeting, which was announced at London was stopped by police intervention.

At Baltimore a trial has been made to manufacture whiskey from watermelons.

The War Office authorities have taken steps to prevent further emigration to South Africa at present.

The importation of French books into Great Britain has been subject to rigid inspection on moral grounds. A number of works will be prohibited from importation.

December 1st was the birthday of Queen Alexander.

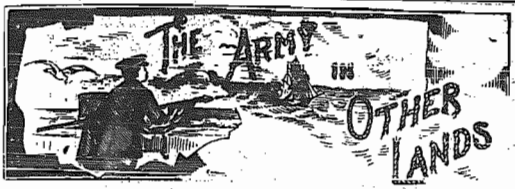
St. James Cathedral, Montreal, was slightly damaged by fire in the upper portion.

Eleven convicts in the Kingston Penitentiary were confirmed by the Anglican Bishop.

Canadians won the first three prizes for Shropshire sheep, at Chicago live stock exhibition.

An Indian canoe capsized at Vancouver. A man and woman were drowned. The second woman seized a child under each arm, grasping the baby in her teeth, and succeeded in swimming to shore. The children, however, succumbed to the exposure.

Don't forget to pray, or you might forget the way to heaven.



GREAT BRITAIN.

Fire broke out in the General's Carleton House billet, on the occasion of his visit to Rochdale. Fortunately, slight damage was done, though a serious outcome might have resulted but for the promptitude with which the hose was turned on, and the flames extinguished. The General was enthusiastically received by the citizens. Six thousand people crowded the Theatre Royal. 110 responded to God's call during the campaign.

The Chief of the Staff is back at International Headquarters again.

Owing to the increased responsibilities devolving upon Commissioner Pollard, as the Chief of the Staff's representative, in the oversight of the various Central, Trading, and Social Departments, it has been decided to group together the General Finance, Staff, Expenditure, and Property Departments, as one Finance Department, which will be placed under the direction of Brigadier George Mitchell, as Secretary for Finance under the Chancellor.

Apart from feeling the heat somewhat, Commissioner and Mrs. McKie are in good health. The vessel got stuck in the Suez Canal for forty-eight hours; otherwise, the voyage to Australia, so far, has been a very pleasant one.

It is a very great pleasure for us to announce that ex-Commissioner Smith has been re-accepted by the General, and appointed to the rank of Brigadier. He was with the General at Rochdale, and showed himself to be in excellent form and spirits. His dear wife, Mrs. Brigadier Smith, is in fullest accord with the step that our comrade has taken. It will be a satisfaction to all who know him to learn that, although Brigadier Smith has not been an officer during the last ten years, he has never really left the ranks of the Army, and we are sure that the General's present confidence in him will be more than justified, and that his comrades throughout the world will welcome his appointment with gratitude.

Staff-Capt. Gravett, of the Foreign Office, is appointed Inspector of Bank Agencies, and will take up his appointment at once.

The Reliance Bank, Limited, which has taken the place of the Salvation Army Bank, is making substantial progress. It will, within the next week or two, take possession of commodious premises on the ground floor of 103 Queen Victoria Street, and preparations are in progress for greatly increasing the scope and usefulness of the Bank during the coming year.

A small party of officers from the British Field is to sail for India before the end of the year. Sweden promises a hatch for the same country.

The Army's operations have just been commenced in Cork. Our officers received a hearty welcome. Ten souls sought salvation, and ten holiness. The Hallelujah bonnets of our women officers are objects of general attraction. Naturally, there have been lively times in the streets. The police are most attentive.

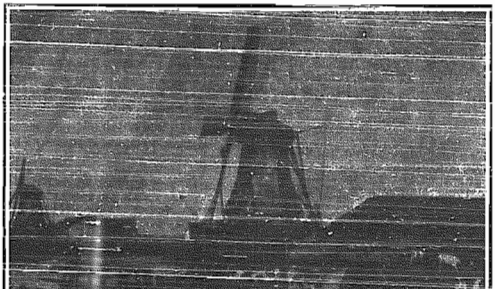
WEST INDIES.

The very central and commodious offices which have been secured for the Territorial Headquarters, in the City Dispensary Buildings, 14 Duke St., Kingston, are gradually assuming a war-like appearance.

The Editorial Department sustained a severe loss at Barbadoes. While shipping their blocks for Kingston, the heavy seas capsized the boat, and their pictures went down into 15 fathoms of water, in company with the Cashier's trunk, while he, alas! stood on the rain-swept deck, mentally wrestling with the problem, "Wherewithal shall I be clothed?"

The newly-opened work in Grenada is going ahead. The D.O. has just enrolled an excellent company of recruits under the flag—thirty in number. Among the converts there sworn in was the Chief Warden of the prison, a saved gaol-bird, tailors, shoemakers, coachmen, servants, dressmakers, etc.

A big landslip has occurred at Barbadoes, causing much suffering and privation. Staff-Capt. Tucker organized a special collection in aid of the sufferers, and a substantial sum was speedily raised for this deserving object.



A Dutch Windmill.

It is proposed to hold a great Inter-Colonial Salvation Congress, at Kingston, at the New Year. The principal events will be a series of Staff and Field Councils, to which officers of all ranks will be eagerly looking forward.

Adjt. Phillips has been appointed to the Assistant Editorship of the West Indian War Cry.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Brigadier Maidment, South America's Territorial Commander, reports a series of most helpful Officers' Councils in that country. A public demonstration in Buenos Ayres concluded with four souls at the Mercy Seat.

Returns of the Self-Denial effort, just concluded in South America, show that the total amount raised was $4,049.

The officers of South America have need of the prayers of Salvationists everywhere. Sickness is very prevalent amongst them.

The best expression of your holiness is this. "Come, let us go to Christ."

AUSTRALASIA.

A gigantic welcome awaits Commissioner and Mrs. McKie, in the great Melbourne Town Hall, and later at Sydney and Brisbane.

"I have only one desire in my breast, and that is to land on Australian shores on fire with the Holy Ghost, and to be the channel through which God will communicate light, and love, and blessing. I come with a heart full of faith and love for its people," is the Commissioner's message to Australian forces.

Khaki has been adopted as the summer uniform of our Australian comrades.

Australia will again publish an almanac. The design for 1902 will be beautifully executed in colors, the subject will be a blessed one: "Christ stilling the tempest."

Brigadier Horskins was taken dangerously ill while on tour. Two doctors were in attendance, and Mrs. Brigadier Horskins was summoned to her husband's side. A great improvement has taken place.

The Commandant's tour in West Australia, in connection with the great Self-Denial campaign, has been a great success. The gross takings, at eleven places, were over £500. At several places the lecture, "Soldiers of the Cross," was repeated, by special request.

GERMANY.

Commissioner Oliphant has just returned from a visit to Rhineland, where God has been wonderfully helping him. At Coln, which is known as the Rome of Germany, thirteen hundred people listened, for two hours, with rapt attention, and interest, to solemn truths about eternity. The Commissioner is especially delighted with his visit to that place.

The German Harvest Festival results have been most encouraging. Last year the total income from that source was 18,500 marks. This year, in spite of trade depression, it has reached the satisfactory total of 21,144 marks.

JAPAN.

Colonel Bullard is laid aside through illness. He has so much faith concerning his early recovery, that he has mapped out an extensive tour, with the dates inserted.

The presence of a number of British warships in Yokohama harbor makes much work for our officers at the Naval and Military Home. Bluejackets crowd into the establishment daily, and everything possible is done to make Jack's stay ashore both interesting and profitable.

UNITED STATES.

The Commander and party received an enthusiastic welcome on the occasion of their late visit to Chicago. The large Swedish Church was unable to accommodate the crowd, and hundreds were turned away. Colonel Sowton translated for the Commander. The prayer meeting was hard fought, resulting in the capture of eight souls. The program included a great Officers' Council, at which was assembled three hundred officers, a united Soldiers' Council, and three salvation meetings on Sunday. The magnificent Studebaker Theatre was occupied on Sunday night. Ninety-six at the cross was the result of this campaign.

Brigadier Hicks has been appointed National Insurance Secretary. Staff-Capt. Crawford has been appointed to the San Francisco Branch of the Insurance Department, and will prove a great assistance to Brigadier Hicks.

Preparations are being made for the annual Christmas dinner to the poor of New York, to take place in Madison Square Garden. The Army is arranging to feed 25,000.

ITALY.

Mrs. Brigadier Clibborn, who was very near the pearly gates, seems to be on the way to recovery, though she is still very weak. She was able to undertake the journey on her way home to Turin. Her mother, Mrs. Young, well-known in the London Army circles, is with her.

The Army in Italy is progressing. It is contributing largely to the evangelization of the country.

FRANCE.

Some of the leading Parisian papers continue to speak about our social work in the most eulogistic terms. For the second time in a very few days La Fronde has devoted to the description of our Social branches several long and well-written articles.

Commissioner Railton has taken over the command of the French forces. He was warmly welcomed by our French comrades, who, in many instances, have been able to appreciate the high qualities of their new leader.

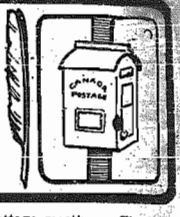
The separation of the French and Swiss Territories is now an accomplished fact. Much is expected from the new departure.

The opening of the new Hotellerie for distressed women, in Paris, has attracted the attention of many influential people, who have already promised to aid morally and financially, our work.

A TALE ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

During the blizzard of '99, I started one day from the central office of the Bureau of Charities to distribute money to some cases reported for "instant relief." In an attic I found a poor widow, a seamstress, with one child, a boy of six. The room was cold and bare; there was no fire, the windows were loose, and snow lay upon the floor. The boy had been kept in bed for two days to keep warm. I asked the usual questions and gave the woman two dollars. All this before I discovered the boy. Suddenly his head bobbed from beneath the bed-clothes, and at sight of the two bills his eyes became moons. "Gee-e-e, Mister! All that for us? Then we can give some to Ted Burns' mother, downstairs, to buy coal. Can't we, Mom?"—The Rev. David M. Steele, in the Ladies' Home Journal for December.

CORPS CORRESPONDENT'S PAGE.



One Dozen Seekers.

Amherst.—Souls are being saved and God's Kingdom extended. Officers and soldiers are going in to do their best for God. Sunday was a day of blessing and victory. Four souls sought a clean heart in the holiness meeting, and four sought salvation at night. During the week four more knelt at the cross, making a total of one dozen. The converts are boldly taking their stand for God on the march and in the open-air.—Star in the East.

Come Over and Help Us.

Blenheim.—We were pleased to have our old officers, Ensign and Mrs. Huntington, of Ridgetown, with us for Saturday and Sunday. Despite counter attractions the meetings were well attended. The Ensign and his wife sang a beautiful duet, "Wonderful story of love." The Ensign was full of life and go, as usual, and his singing and music were much enjoyed. He also very kindly came over and assisted in painting the barracks, which is quite an improvement on the old brown church, being white, with red and green trimmings.—Ina Groom.

Victory for Butte.

We are getting along nicely here. Soldiers are in good fighting trim, crowds are good, finances excellent, and, above all, four souls have been saved lately, and are taking their stand for the right. We are believing for greater victories in the future.—I. Gain, Capt.

Seven Hands Up.

Campbellford.—We are having victory. Praise God for one more soul in the fountain. We have seen seven hands go up for prayer during the past week. Thank God for a move.—Capt. Brimson.

Seven Juniors and Two Seniors.

Dovercourt.—We are in for victory, and as nothing is too hard for God, we mean to have it. The comrades are getting on fire for God and souls. Sunday's meetings were times long to be remembered. God came very near, and although the devil seemed to win at first, yet he was defeated in the end, for seven Juniors and two Seniors plunged into the fountain. They are getting along well. Glory to God.—Lieut. Minnis.

A Decided Move-On.

Drayton.—Capt. Harman has taken charge here, and is going in to do his best for God and souls. Of late there have been no week-night meetings held. Since the Captain arrived there have been four on the go, and more to follow. The 7 o'clock knee-drill and the holiness meeting on Sunday morning have just been started also, with the result that one poor backslider came out and gave God his heart. Keep your eye on Drayton.—O. H.

Put on the Uniform.

Dundas.—We had beautiful meetings on Sunday. In the afternoon two souls knelt at the Mercy Seat for pardon. God bless them. We believe they are going to put on the uniform and be blood-and-fire Salvationists. On Monday night we had a musical meeting, conducted by Brigadier Pickering, assisted by Staff-Capt. Stanyon, and a number of Field Officers. The Hamilton Brass Band was also present. Capts. Downey and McNaney's music was beautiful. The Brigadier's address on Lot's wife, was listened to with rapt attention, and we believe a lasting impression was made on the hearts of the people. Come again, Brigadier.—Cadet L. Darch.

Good Week-End.

Glace Bay.—The past week-end has been one of victory, and we thank God for good crowds, seven souls, and forty-four dollars income. Things are looking up and we expect grand times in the future.—M. S. J.

Worth More Anything Else.

Grand Forks.—I'm a regular Hallelujah Cowboy, and you folks allus knows as how I've allus got sumthin good ter tell yer. So you jes open yer ears and hearts an listen ter my songs. Three souls born into ther Kingdom at ther barracks this week. Hallelujah to the Lamb! Grand! Beautiful! Worth more'n all ther calves I ever branded in all my life, if they'd all been made of Aaron's gold, an had tails forty feet long, with diamond spangles tied on with pink silk every three inches, an legs long nuff so's they cud ford all ther deep rivers of ther West without wettin their tails. Worth more'n anything I can think of, worth more'n all ther geese in America, if thoy were all made of gold and laid golden eggs ter order, an it'd take seven daily freight trains, loaded with bushel baskets, ter supply nests fer um, an one man owned the hull b'gness, an had his teeth an everything else filled with gold, aye, fine gold. Oh, beautiful! Nothing can compare with it. Three souls in one week. God bless the Army. I'll never think of punchin cow-er busten broncs anymore, an I'm bent on fegetin all about my hurdy an saddle, unless I ken ketch um on ter ther devil; an if ever I get him under my saddle, or get a loop on his foot, I'll ride him with four sets of spurs, an I'll jes bounce my quest off his back every jump. I never found out that I had such a grudge agin him till lately, but now I feel like fightin him all ther time. Yes, collections allus runs fair down year. Spose you've been hearin as how our dear Captain has got ter be Ensign. God bless him. He's a fighter from Chicago. God bless him! An then Capt. Quist wuz down and gave us a good time. Saturday an Sunday. Say, he's got nuff dash and venture fer any kind of a soldier, an 'tis my pinion that old Satan's trylin ter keep out of his way, but Captain's on a hunt, an nothing is goin ter stop him, in my pinion, cause he likes ter see the devil run. We've had Lieut. Oxenrider here for a week or so, but he's jest recoverin from the nervous procrastination, or sumthin awful bad, so's he can't fight as hard as we like ter have him yet, but we are all prayin fer him ter come round all right, an we believe he's comin. God bless him. I'd like ter write yer a long letter this time, but ain't got time, so good-bye. God bless yer Army, from ther General down ter me. —Buckskin Brady.

The Chains Were Broken.

Huron St.—We rejoice to know that the devil's ranks have again been broken. On Sunday we had five souls in the fountain—one out for a clean heart, and four to get freed from the devil's chains that were binding them. Though the weather was unfavorable, yet it did not interfere with the working of God's Spirit with the unsaved. We believe we shall win.—G. N. Howard.

Heart-Searching.

Lewiston.—We thank God for good crowds and collections. On Sunday night, after a splendid open-air meeting, we marched to the barracks to find a large crowd inside. Captain Dales held the people spellbound with one of her heart-searching talks, and conviction was stamped upon many faces. We still believe that Mrs. Major Hargrave will visit us again, and finish the story of the early days of the Salvation Army.—Cand. Wallace Sumpter.

Lippincott Locale Commissioned.

For the better advancement of the Kingdom of God and the corps work generally, the meeting was conducted by Staff-Capt Stanyon on a recent Thursday night here. Just one year ago the Staff-Captain visited our corps for the same purpose—that of the enrollment of recruits and commissioning of Local Officers and bandsmen. An enjoyable time was spent, both by young and old, one of the enrolled being at the advanced age of eighty-nine years. Adjt. Creighton gave us a few words of fatherly advice. We are also pleased to notice the bright prospects there are for the children's work in the future. J. S. Sergt.-Major Mrs. Leggott, and her new staff of helpers are entrusted with this noble branch of work. The band has done splendid service during the past year. May their future still be brighter and more useful. The Staff-Captain spoke of the many and varied duties entrusted to our individual comrades, after which Mrs. Stanyon spoke briefly, yet very pointed, on "Son, go work in my vineyard to-day." May the lessons we learned inspire us on to greater and nobler efforts.—B. J. P.

Three Volunteers.

Lunenburg.—We are rejoicing over the grand victories God has given us, in this corps, of late. We have just had a good week-end, with good crowds and finances, also three souls volunteered for salvation, who are determined, by God's help, to be true Salvation soldiers.—McWilliams and Munroe.

A Triumphant Time.

Medicine Hat.—At knee-drill we had a glorious time. Charlie said, "I have been awfully blest." Bro. Fraser said, although he had to work at night, he was walking in the light. We were leu to say, when through, "It was good for our souls to be there." The other meetings during the day were led by Capt. C. Hall, of Lethbridge. God came very near, and in the afternoon one backslider returned, also another at night. On Monday Capt. Hall gave her experience in the S. A., as a soldier and officer, which was indeed very interesting and profitable, and was enjoyed by all. Capt. Habkirk read the lesson, and then followed a red-hot prayer meeting, in which two backsliders returned and a prisoner was captured. This made our hearts rejoice. Not only did the saved rejoice, but the unconverted boys did their best to assist their convicted companions to seek Christ and His salvation. God bless them. Since coming here we have had a stiff fight, but we fight in the strength of our King, and we are sure to win. More to follow.—Heck and Sunshine.

Thirteen Seekers.

Montreal I.—Praise God for the victory He has given us during the past two weeks. God has been blessing our officers' labors in saving souls, and we have had four for holiness of heart, and nine for pardon. We had Staff-Capt. Burditt with us all day on Sunday, and God's power was felt in our meetings. We are going in more than ever to pull down the strongholds of Satan. Keep your eye on Montreal I.—W. E. M.

Ready to Receive Us.

Musgravetown.—We are still going ahead. The past two weeks have been times of blessing and power. On Sunday night, two brothers, who have been seeking salvation for the past two months, found deliverance, also four others. There are many more deeply concerned about their souls. We have just walked to one of the outposts, a place about nine miles distant. We found the soldiers ready to receive us, and we had a meeting with them, and the following evening went six miles more, by boat, to a place called Indian Arm, where we held a cottage meeting. The house was packed to the doors, and many felt their need of the Saviour. We arrived at South Bay at half-past twelve, feeling tired, but satisfied that we were about our Father's business. Returning home on Friday we found the Lieutenant holding the fort and the soldiers full of faith for the coming week.—Capt. R. Boggs.

Three Sought Forgiveness.

Newcastle, N.B.—On Sunday night two souls sought salvation, and again on Tuesday night another soul came to Jesus. On Thursday night we had a bean-supper, also Lieut. Fewson, now stationed at Chatham, gave his experience while in Her Majesty's service, which was very interesting indeed. We long to see him back again. Bros. Maltby and Wright are getting to be great musicians. Capt. Greenland, and her Lieutenant, in charge, are going forth to fight the foe.—Rags.

Farewell.

New Westminster, B. C.—Sunday night was the farewell meeting of Ensign Scott and Cadet Sutherland, who leave us after a short stay of three months. We regret very much the loss of our officers, as they have been a great blessing to us. Our prayers go with them that they may be made a blessing in their new appointments.—Jas. Whittendale, S.-M.

Ten Souls for the Day.

Ottawa.—Adjt. and Mrs. Kendall have just finished two weeks' special holiness meetings. The Spirit of God has been revealing to many their true state of soul, and they have been enabled to launch out on the promises of God. We are in the midst of a mighty revival. On Sunday we began with a special knee-drill. In the holiness meeting a large number presented themselves to God. We had a red-hot salvation meeting in the afternoon, and two souls found peace and pardon. Ensign Hicks, of St. John, N.B., was welcomed at the night meeting. The Ensign read from the Word of God, and spoke with effect about Jesus and the widow of Nain. Eight souls knelt at the cross, and we closed with a wind-up, dancing, singing, and praising God for victory. Lieut. Currell, the famous War Cry boomer of Hamilton, paid us a short visit some time previous. We were glad to see her.—A. French, Sec.

God Spoke.

Picton.—Yesterday (Sunday) we had good meetings all day. God came very near and blessed us. Sister Mrs. Ackerman assisted Capt. Rackman in the meeting by singing a solo and reading from God's word. At night Mrs. Ensign Pugh led the meeting. God spoke to many hearts. We are looking forward to the visit of the Harmonic Revivalists of East Ontario. —Lillie Love.

Deep Conviction.

Ridgetown.—On Saturday and Sunday, Ensign and Mrs. Huntington exchanged places with Captain Groombridge and Lieut. Ellis, of Blenheim. Adjt. Thomas, of the North-West Province, was also with us for Sunday. She read the lesson on Sunday night, and her talk was very much enjoyed. Deep conviction was felt in the meeting, but no one yielded. We all say, "Come again, Adjutant."—F. Talcott, Cadet-Lieut.

New Hall—Four Souls.

Spokane.—We are well pleased with our new hall. Four souls came forward this week, and the outlook seems brighter. The people who come to our meetings give the best attention, and help us willingly. Those who

are Christians speak of the blessings they receive and the help our meetings are to them. Sister McCormick has volunteered for the Field, and leaves for her first appointment in a few days. She is going to Victoria, B.C. May God make her victorious in winning souls for His Kingdom. Mrs. Major Hargrave is improving slowly, and we believe God is going to strengthen her and restore her to perfect health again. Keep believing, Spokans, by the help of God and the efforts of the Army and other good Christian workers, is, we believe, going to make a better place to live in than ever before. May God grant it.—Joe Logan, R.C.

Object Meeting.

St. George's, Ber.—A steady advance is still being made in this corps. We are proving that prayer and work brings the victory. Our meetings are being well attended. Many souls were convicted on Sunday. On Thursday night we had an "Object Meeting," and the people came along in good numbers, and listened to the different speeches given by the comrades. Bro. Goston sang a beautiful solo, and Capt. Clark gave a very interesting discourse on "Time," which was much appreciated. We finished with a good prayer meeting, and rejoiced in seeing one brother return to the fold. To God we give all the glory.—E. Astill, C.C.

Specials Have Special Victories.

St. John's II.—Last Sunday we had a few specials with us—Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton, Adjt. and Mrs. Turpin, Ensigns Welch and Gosling, also Adjt. Ogilvie, who has come to take charge of this corps and Garrison. We gave her a real Newfoundland welcome. May God crown her labors, while in our midst, with success, in the salvation of precious souls. God's Spirit was felt in our midst on Sunday. Although none yielded, we believe that His Spirit was working with the unsaved. On Monday night the L.O's of No. II. attended a united L.O's Council at old No. I., led by Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton. It was a heart-searching time. God came very near and blessed us. Then again on Wednesday night we had a most blessed time. It was Adjt. Ogilvie's first public meeting, and God gave us victory. At the close of the meeting we rejoiced over four precious souls returning to God, and we finished up with a Hallelujah Newfoundland wind-up.—Sergt. J. Lucas.

A Stray Sheep.

Westville.—We cannot help praising God for victory. The devil would have us stand still, and be satisfied with things as they are, but our motto is, "Go up." Our brass band deserves much credit for the noble way they stick together, and for their valuable assistance in the meetings and open-airs. On Saturday night Sergt.-Major McEwen seemed to have got a special dip and kept things at boiling point in the open-air, while our little Cornish Treasurer excelled himself in taking a magnificent collection. Sunday morning's holiness meeting resulted in bringing back a stray sheep to the fold, which will be another addition to our band (drummer). In the night meeting two Juniors knelt side by side at the penitent form and professed to find salvation. Soldiers, Locals, and bandsmen are in for victory.—G. P. T.

WITH THE PACIFIC T. F. S

I just met Ensign Andrews, the T.F.S. for the Pacific Province. It seems he has just arrived in the city from a tour through the East Kootenay Country, and is evidently delighted with things in general. The meetings were excellent and the finances were good. Fernie leads the list, as far as the proceeds from lantern services are concerned. The people are very liberal—so much so that the Ensign dubbs them "All right." The people seem delighted to be allowed to hold G.B.M. Boxes, and, from all accounts, he believes that the day when Fernie will lead the whole Territory, as far as G.B.M. work is concerned, is not far off. I hope that the Ensign's expectations will be realized. —Ink. Splash.

If you wish to impress people with your religion, point them to Christ.

THE HYGIENE CLASS.

CHAPTER XVII.

22. **Alcoholized Nerves.**—Who has not observed the trembling, unsteady hand of the man who has long been accustomed to the use of alcoholic liquors? Often the shaking member deposits a share of his poisonous drams upon the ground. If he is a mechanic, he cannot resume his work without a strong toddy to steady his hand; if an accountant, he must have a glass to clear his head. The condition, at first temporary, finally becomes permanent, and thus hopeless disease may originate.

Alcoholic insomnia is a frequent form of nervous disturbance induced by drink. While alcohol at first acts in many persons as a soporific, its final effects are to produce inability to sleep; or, if sleep is not wholly broken, a disturbed, unnatural, unrefreshing state of unconsciousness, hardly worthy of being called sleep, is induced. In natural sleep, the supply of blood to the brain is greatly diminished, only a sufficient amount of the nutritive fluid circulating in the arteries to carry on the reparative work of the brain. Unconsciousness is due to this fact. A state of unconsciousness may also be produced by extreme congestion of the brain, a condition closely allied to that which just precedes apoplexy. This is the sleep of the drunkard.

Partial or general paralysis, locomotor ataxia, epilepsy, and a host of other nervous disorders, are directly traceable to the use of alcohol.

23. **The Drunkard's Stomach.**—A microscopical examination of the lining membrane of the stomach shows it to be traversed by a dense network of blood-vessels, which are wholly invisible so long as the organ remains in a healthy condition. Little pockets are also found, in which are located the peptic glands, which form the gastric juice, the essential agent in the process of stomach digestion. In the small intestine below the stomach we have a similar arrangement of blood-vessels and glands.

In the well-known case of Alexis St. Martin, who suffered from a gun-shot wound, which carried away a considerable portion of the abdominal wall, and penetrated the stomach, leaving an opening after healing, Dr. Beaumont made some most interesting experiments regarding the effects of alcohol upon the stomach, with the following results:

Stomach of a Moderate Drinker.—The effect of alcohol, as well as mustard, pepper, pepper-sauce, spices, and condiments, is to produce a state of excitement and irritation of the stomach, the result of which, when frequently repeated, is permanent congestion, and is the cause of numerous forms of dyspepsia. But alcohol does more than simply irritate the stomach. By its antiseptic influence, it prevents the digestion of the food, and by its chemical properties it destroys the activity of the gastric juice, and so does triple mischief.

Stomach of a Hard Drinker.—In the hard drinker the blood-vessels are dilated, as in the case of the moderate drinker, and, in addition, small ulcers are seen scattered over the diseased surface. The stomach of an old toper may be in an ulcerated condition without his being conscious of the fact, as the nerves of the stomach are so paralyzed by alcohol that their normal sensibility is quite lost.

The Stomach in Delirium Tremens.—In a person suffering with what is generally known as delirium tremens, or acute alcoholism, the mucous lining of the stomach is in a state of intense inflammation, so that its functions are wholly suspended. Dr Beaumont observed, on one occasion, when Alexis St. Martin had been drinking heavily for a few days, that, although his stomach was in a state of inflammation and ulceration, he was unconscious of pain and felt no inconvenience, only suffering from a severe headache. Post-mortem examinations of persons who have died of delirium tremens, usually disclose the stomach black with mortification.

24. **Drunkard's Dyspepsia.**—A drunkard is certain to become a dyspeptic. Alcohol tans the stomach, rendering it inactive, and causing atrophy of the glands which form the gastric juice. The supply of this digestive fluid is thus diminished, and so renders useless that which is secreted. Digestion cannot progress while alcohol is in the stomach, being delayed until the poison can be absorbed.

25. **Alcoholic Insanity.**—The condition of a man under the influence of liquor is precisely that of an insane man, as regards his mind. When getting drunk is frequently repeated, the condition of the mind induced by drink may become permanent, making the individual a fit subject for an insane asylum.

Intemperance, more than any other cause, fills our lunatic and idiotic asylums. According to the statistics of insanity in France, thirty-four per cent. of the cases of lunacy among males were due to intemperance. One half of the inmates of the Dublin insane asylum owe their disease to the use of liquor. Lord Shaftesbury, Chairman of the English Commission on Lunacy, in his report to Parliament, stated that six out of every ten lunatics in asylums were made such by alcohol.

26. **A Drunkard's Liver.**—The appearance of a drunkard's liver is characteristic. "Hob-nailed liver" is another name for the diseased organ, as found in spirit-drinkers. It is shrunken, hard, and almost totally useless, benumbed alike to pain and to proper sensibility. Externally, it looks like the hob-nailed sole of an English carman's shoe, from which resemblance it received its name.

This kind of liver is found in those who have freely indulged in drink for several years. The livers of more moderate drinkers are found filled with fat.

These derangements of the liver give rise to numerous other disturbances, of which abdominal dropsy is one common form.

Diabetes, a very fatal malady, especially in spirit-drinkers, is a peculiar disease, which is generally caused by some of these derangements of the liver.

Fatty liver, in which the organ sometimes becomes enormously enlarged and changed to fat, and nutmeg degeneration, in which it comes to resemble the smooth surface of a half-grated nutmeg, are also among the common effects of alcohol upon habitual users of the poison.

OVER JORDAN.

WAVING THE PALM OF VICTORY.

Pilley's Island.—The angel of death has visited us, and taken from our midst a devoted warrior of the cross, in the person of Sister Dorcas Ricamond. Although our comrade was not an enrolled soldier, she was a true Christian, and had the interests of the Kingdom of God at heart. When death came to her she met it bravely, and we believe that to-day she is waving the palm of victory in the land where death never comes.

Her dying request was that she might be buried under the Army flag. When she died her friends came for the Captain, who went over and gave her an Army funeral, her home being at Boot Harbor, one of our outposts, a few miles away.

She leaves a husband, who is unsaved, to mourn his sad loss. May God grant that this loud call may be the means of his conversion.

Reader, death may meet you soon. Are you ready? Time is passing by, and opportunities are getting fewer. The day of grace will soon be past. Prepare to meet your God.—Lieut. R. Bowering.

OUR BAND.

By AN OTTAWA MAN.

"The singers went before; the players on instruments followed after: among them the damsels playing with timbrels."—Ps. lviii. 25.

I have often wondered why it was that the Salvation Army, as a religious organization, ever introduced bands into the body; but then, when I remember that the Army music has been such a wonderful assistance in the salvation of sinners, and when you find that so long ago as David's time instruments and timbrels were used to glorify God, then we can better understand the good sense of its introduction into the S. A.

When thinking of bands, my recollection goes back over the years that I remember the various members of the band connected with the local corps.

I well remember, away back in the year 1886, we had been promised a band from the local corps, and finally one appeared on the street. I can well remember that old soul-stirring air, as they played along Sparks St., and down O'Connor St., the sound re-echoing from the Parliament Buildings—

"Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign."

The music of that old tune sounds just as well, and thrills the soul just as much, when it is played to-day by our present band.

As We Looked to Others in 1886.

In looking over an old paper recently, I find the following paragraph in reference to the Army band. The date is Nov. 8th, 1886:

"The band, now 15 strong, is able to furnish music for the Army, and was out for the first time on Saturday night. For the short time it has been organized, the band made a very creditable showing."

Of course, the Army had a band before this time; however, this is about my first recollection.

But about our band of to-day. We have an exceptionally good one for its size—I think ten pieces, and they play admirably. I was in the house of a friend one Sunday afternoon recently when my friend asked:

"What band is that we hear? Are any of the bands of the local regiments out this afternoon?"

"That is the Salvation Army band," I replied. "They are returning from their open-air meeting at the Post Office."

"My word! but they play just lovely music. I love to hear them play Sundsy mornings on their way to the Market Square, for their meeting."

Forward!

It is, indeed, surprising the advancement the band has made in the past year. Their numbers have gradually grown, and I am sure each member appears to be whole-souled and in earnest to do all the good they can for the advancement of God's Kingdom and the salvation of souls.

I am sure great credit is due Bandmaster John Duncan for the untiring efforts he has put forth to get and keep his band in its present state. He is ably assisted by Sergt.-Major Webber, Sergt.-Major Osmond, and Lieut. Granger, as well as, I am sure, by the officers, Adjt. and Mrs. Kendall.

Of course, the band could very well be strengthened to advantage. A little reed, which, by the way, seems to be hard to get in S. A. bands, and a snare drum, would improve. I notice, too, that the bandsmen, one and all, do their share in helping along with the meetings and open-air work. They don't simply play, but "pitch in," and speak, sing, pray, and do anything they can.

Now, Mr. Editor, my opinion, and many others, on the subject is that the Army band has a great field of usefulness, and my prayer is that a number of ex-members of the band, in days gone by, will consider what they have done, and return to the fold, and again play in the good old Army band, under the colors of old No. 109.—"Cancarious."

Adversity is the best path to truth. —Byron,

Doings of the E. O. P.

Major Turner Visits the French Corps —Staff-Capt. Burditt Conducts a Week-End at Quebec—Music-al Blizzard at No. 1.

Major and Mrs. Turner, assisted by Capt. Reynolds and Capt. Owen, conducted the services at the French corps last Sunday evening. The hall was well-filled and we had a real profitable time. The majority of listeners were French, and the magnificent attention given proved that they were very much interested. Short addresses were given and solos sung by Mrs. Turner, Capt. Reynolds, Capt. Owen, and Bro. Werry, and were much appreciated by all present. The Major gave an efficient talk on the second of Hebrews, and although we saw no visible results we believe impressions were made which will not be forgotten.

Staff-Capt. Burditt reports blessed times at Quebec. One wanderer came back to God. Capt. Edwards has a good hold of things, and an efficient work is being done for God.

A Musical Blizzard was announced for Thanksgiving night, at No. 1, and was a success in every sense of the word. Major Turner presided in an able manner. Solos, duets, instrumental and vocal, were well rendered, and were much appreciated by the large crowd present.

Sidelights.

The Kemptville corps are contemplating the erection of a new quarters, at the cost of about $200. The quarters will be in the present barracks.

Soul-saving is on the up-grade. Belleville, under the supervision of Ensign Comstock, reports eleven souls for the week-end; and Ottawa, with Adjt. and Mrs. Kendall at the helm, reports ten souls for the week-end.

Arrangements are being more for the feeding of a number of poor, at Christmas time, in the city, by Ensigns Hawkirk and Parsons.

The French corps has received a new assistant in the person of Cadet Enouf, of Ogdensburg. We wish you every blessing, Cadet, in your new work.

Soul-Saving Troupe.

Successful Campaign at Simcoe—Forty-Four at the Cross.

The Soul-saving Troupe has just finished up a very successful campaign at Simcoe. A good old Methodist, who has been converted for fifty-five years, and has been in many revival meetings, said he enjoyed these the best of all. The crowds were excellent. The finances were good also. Capt. and Mrs. White and Capt. Ringler, who are in charge, had our visit well announced, and the interest was well worked up before we arrived. Previously the Captain had four or five prayer meetings in progress at once in different parts of the town, therefore, everybody seemed to be expecting great things, and, of course, according to our faith it shall be done every time.

We were very pleased to have our beloved leaders, Major McMillan and Staff-Capt. Rawling, to lead us on for the week-end, as they are always such a blessing and inspiration to us. As usual, they were on fire for souls, and

Twenty-Four Knelt at the Mercy-Seat

for the week-end. We had a hallelujah dance at the close. God bless our leaders!

Monday night's meeting closed at twelve o'clock, with twelve at the cross. Glory be to God, Who gave us the victory!

Thursday night, being our last here, we were reinforced by Capt. and Mrs. Bradt, with a load of the newly-enrolled soldiers, of Norwich. We were most delighted to see them. I might say they are going in for uniform. Praise God for that. Uniform is a great help to our converts. There were fifty on the march on Thursday night, and we had a splendid crowd inside. Fourteen stood under the flag and expressed their determination to fight for God in the ranks of the Salvation Army. May they ever be found faithful to the end.

The officers and comrades who billeted us were very kind. God will reward them. The total for salvation during our visit was 32, and for sanctification 12. We thank God for His saving power, and give Him all the glory for what was accomplished.—Adjt. W. Orchard.

West Ontario Whisperings.

Simcoe is at present visited by the Soul-Saving Troupe, which is having a wholesale revival. Crowds and souls are booming. Capt. White is much improved in health, and, with the assistance of Mrs. White and Captain Ringler, makes things hum.

Norwich has had a successful series of meetings by the Soul-Saving Troupe, which has just left them. A number of souls sought salvation, and nine were enrolled by Adjt. Orchard on the last night. Pro.-Capt. and Mrs. Bradt are in charge, and report very hopefully.

Tilsonburg has been in charge of Capt. Horwood and Lieut. Crafts one month. Things are bri...enings up, and two souls have sought mercy.

Brantford is expecting to open its splendid new hall on Dec. 15th. Then another affair is in the wind—but, please, ask Adjt. Cameron, if he has not sent you an invite. The soldiers are in good spirits, and the J. S. work is splendid.

Pro.-Capt. and Mrs. Rock are getting well hold of Paris, and a good improvement in War Cry sales has taken place.

Capt. Young, of Watford, has recently assumed command here. Things have been low a long time, but the D.O. informs us the Captain is laying plans for a good improvement. That's right, Captain, carry them out.

Adjt. Coombs, who is farewelling from Windsor, reports one soul this week, and the C.O. has done 29 hours' visiting. All the War Crys are always sold, and the J. S. and B. O. L. have proper attention.

At Chatham, Ensign Hollett has been reinforced by Lieut. West, but, alas! farewell orders have arrived, and Windsor is the next sojourning place for the Ensign. They report four souls, but where is the B.O.L.? Adjt. McHarg will be Chatham's new commander.

Bothwell I., where Capt. Barner holds the fort, reports two souls and 21 hours' visiting, and all the War Crys sold. Bravo!

Ensign Haley, of Ingersoll, has been reinforced by Mrs. Kerswell, and they report two captures this week. Well done!

Ensign Slote, of Woodstock, reports one soul, the C.O. did 27 hours' visiting, the finances are good, and the tone of things seems sound. The J.S. and B.O.L. are very good.

From Galt, Ensign Hoddinott reports five prisoners. The P. O. and Chancellor are going there next week. They have just had a visit from the wonderful Jewish Orphans, which was highly successful, and netted a good sum for the winter coal.

St. Thomas reports two souls seeking mercy. The J. S. and B. O. L. are doing fair.

At Strathroy, while Capt. Pickle is on furlough, the Provincial Cashier specialized last Sunday, and reported one soul for the week-end. The crowds and financ... y good.

Listowel, under Capt. Bonny, reports one soul and 20 hours' visiting. The B.O.L. and J.S. are working.

Capt. Fyfe and Lieut. Close, of Goderich, report three souls for the week. These worthy sisters did 22 hours' visiting each.

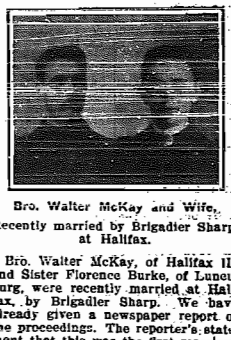
Clinton reports two souls. Capt. Dowell did 20 hours' visiting. We do like to see souls and other advances.

There is a real Hallelujah hurricane of blood-and-fire Salvationism wherever the Soul-Saving Troupe go, which results in Pentecostal revivals. They are proper blood-and-fire.

The S.A. are going in to provide dinner for 1,000, on Christmas Day, in London. More anon.

Weddings galore. In January, one, two, three, four, five, six officers actually to be married in one month is surely wholesale. Who are they? Oh, they might tell you if you drop them a personal.

Word just to hand says that the Commissioner, with the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs, will open Brantford's new barracks. This is grand.—J. R.



Bro. Walter McKay and Wife,
Recently married by Brigadier Sharp, at Halifax.

Bro. Walter McKay, of Halifax II., and Sister Florence Burke, of Lunenburg, were recently married at Halifax, by Brigadier Sharp. We have already given a newspaper report of the proceedings. The reporter's statement that this was the first marriage ceremony performed in Halifax since the passage of the new law is incorrect, as there were several weddings conducted by Brigadiers Pugmire and Pickering.

TEMPLE JOTTINGS.

Nine souls, increased attendances at both open-air and indoor meetings, great interest, and a good average in the finances, were the results of yesterday's fighting at the Temple. War Crys and Young Soldiers all sold out. The band also rendered good assistance at all the services on Sunday.

Adjt. and Mrs. McAmmond are laboring most energetically, and we are pleased to say, not in vain by any means. The converts are coming along splendidly. Some of them are taking an active part in the meetings.

Capt. Marshall, who has only been with us a few weeks, farewelled last night.

We were favored with the presence of Charlie Kim yesterday. Charlie is a Chinaman, who has been converted some two years. He was enrolled as a soldier two months ago, in Ottawa, but is in the city now on a visit. He speaks very good English, and is desirous of going out to preach the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen. He and Cadet Matthews sang a duet at the close of the prayer meeting. We do pray that Christ will make him a bright and shining light amongst his brothers.—Willie Wilkins.

Without the light of truth and the light of God in the soul, the future must ever be dark, but the Christian has a blessed hope and expectation of the glorious re-appearing of the Saviour Who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a people for His own possession, zealous of good works.

WINNIPEG VICTORIES

We have had soul-refreshing time in Winnipeg during the last few weeks. Our new officers, Adjt. and Mrs. Wakefield, have already won a warm place in our hearts by their devotion to God, and their interest in the soldiers, and all whom they come in contact with. God has owned and blessed their efforts, and we are looking forward to showers of blessing. The droppings are beginning to fall.

On Thursday evening the Adjutant gave an interesting lecture on,

"Anticipation and Realization,"

which was illustrated very effectively by the little pug dog, "Zip." He showed how deceitful were the promises of the devil; how he allures and beguiles, but in the end has no reward for his servants. On the other hand he spoke of the faithfulness of Jesus, that, though He may see it is best to keep us waiting for a time, in the end all the promises of God are "Yea and Amen." The meeting left an impression on all present; and although we did not see as great results as we had hoped for, we feel that the Father's blessing was upon it, and some day we shall see what was accomplished by His Spirit.

Sunday's Meetings.

All day on Sunday the meetings were conducted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Phillips. Though the weather was cold, a large number of the soldiers turned out to knee-drill at seven o'clock.

At the holiness meeting, the Staff-Captain gave an earnest address from the life of Elijah, and we rejoiced over two souls at the Mercy Seat for salvation, and one for the blessing of a clean heart. Praise God!

During the afternoon meeting fifty Local Officers received commissions to work for God in the different spheres appointed to them. The Staff-Captain spoke a few instructive and encouraging words to each of the comrades.

A large crowd attended the salvation meeting at night, and we felt that God was very near. The Staff-Captain took for his subject

"Last Messages."

He gave us a message from dear Adjutant Langtry, who is just on the border of the Homeland, and who, at any moment, may be called home to see Him face to face, "Whom, having not seen, she loved." She sent her last message to the soldiers, who had learned to love her so dearly during the time she has been amongst us, as the Matron of the Winnipeg Rescue Home. "Tell them," she said, "the last Sunday I was at the barracks, I told them I was ready to meet God, and it is so now. . . Tell them it will be a happy release for Jesus to take me home. . . There is no such joy as being able to look over a life spent in the service of God. . . Life is short, do all the good you can. . . I haven't a regret, I haven't a care. I will be watching for some, and will know them when they come."

(As will be seen by the wire on another page, Mrs. Langtry has since passed away.—Ed.)

The Staff-Captain spoke of the difference between the last hours of those who love God, and who have spent their lives in His service, and those who have forgotten Him in their life-time, and are left desolate in their death. He spoke from the 28th chapter of 1st Samuel, 15th verse, "And Saul answered, I am sore distressed, for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me."

During the prayer meeting one brother sought salvation, and was received by Him Who has promised to remove our transgressions as far as the east is from the west, and to love us freely.

We feel that God is very present with us, and are looking forward to be able to report greater victories won in His name, and through His strength.—R. G. B.

If we allow an unclean spirit to dwell in us, it will destroy us. God wants us to live holy lives. If our lives are not right, and if our hearts are unclean, the blessed Saviour is ...ause us and make us holy.

S. B. M. Notes.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By CAPT. J. POOLE.

I arrived in Gananoque too late for meeting, owing to the train being one hour behind time. A goodly number had gathered for the service, and they were disappointed, much to my regret. The following night, however, we had a well-filled house, & triumph financially, and all were edified by the service, "Ted, the Station-Master."

A talk with a G.B.M. Agent:

"How do you like the work?"

"I only wish I could do more," was Mrs. Lalonde's reply.

"If all our Agents manifested such a whole-hearted spirit for the work, we would boom G.B.M. in East Ontario."

"Well, you see, I have been helped in so many ways through the Army, and I feel like doing my best in return. You know, I am a converted Roman Catholic."

"Oh! And what led to your conversion?"

"Well, I always had good desires; but, as time went on, I began to feel the need of a power to overcome which I did not yet possess. I, therefore, resolved to prove for myself the religion you speak of. I sought, and proved that in approaching God in earnest prayer, He was a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

"And, you see, my husband died a few years ago, and I was left a widow, and had to provide for my two little girls. I resolved, after careful consideration, to send them to the Home in Toronto. I was much delighted with the manner in which they were trained for God, and provided for in every way. The children speak of the good times they had, and want to go again."

Should not this create a desire in the hearts of all to do greater things for this God-instituted work?

We are going to do more in Gananoque. We have changed some boxholders, and more new ones have been placed.

Brockville for week-end. Here I find Capt. Clark, a wise man from the east, and one of the twentieth century theologians. Here lives the man who hides in the weeds by the river, when in a backslidden state, and when Capt. ——— is looking for the lost sheep. A very safe place. Moses was there, but for another purpose.

Miss White, G.B.M. Agent, again breaks the record. $5 was captured this quarter. Good for Brockville. Lantern service appreciated by all. Asked to repeat. Sunday's meetings were not below our expectations, closing with three souls seeking salvation. Is not this salary? "He that winneth souls is wise." No greater joy under heaven. The Eastern man had a dance. All went home happy.

On Monday night we had two more souls, making five for the week-end.

SOME McKINLEY SAYINGS.

A noble manhood, nobly consecrated to man, never dies.

God puts no nation in supreme place which will not do supreme duty.

The home lies at the very beginning and foundation of a pure national life.

God will not long prosper that nation which will not protect and defend its weakest citizens.

Christian character is the foundation upon which we must build if our citizenship is to be lifted up and our institutions are to endure.

The home where honesty, sobriety, and truth preside, and simple, everyday virtue, without pomp and ostentation is practiced, is the nursery of all true educations.

The labor of the country constitutes its strength and its wealth; and the better that labor is conditioned the higher its rewards, the wider its opportunities, and the greater its comforts and refinements, the more sacred will be our homes, the more capable will be our children, and the nobler will be the destiny that awaits us.

An open schoolhouse, free to all, evidences the highest type of advanced civilization. It is the gateway to progress, prosperity, and honor, and the best security for the liberties and independence of the people. It is the strongest rock of the foundation, the most enduring stone of the temple of liberty; our surest stay in every storm, our present safety, our future hope—aye, the very citadel of our influence and power. It is better than garrisons and guns, than forts and fleets.

BROTHER PRESTON'S VICTORY.

He is Determined to Sell the War Cry in Spite of the Devil.

I would say to new beginners in the service of the Lord, look out for Satan. You'll meet him on the road. I have often met him, but I do thank God for victory. I love that word. How it used to gladden my heart in those long, weary four years of the civil war. I was one of the boys in blue, and am thankful that I am still wearing blue, only in a far grander Army, whose Leader has never lost a battle. I served the devil for 50 years, but tried in my own strength to free myself and failed every time. While listening to the Salvation Army, I saw my lost condition. Sick and tired of sin I did cast myself on Him Who cares for me. He gave me the victory. Since then the devil and me we can't agree. Yesterday was a day of victory all along the line for me. I am so glad to give my little help in pushing the old chariot along. I do this through selling the War Cry. I love to sell it. Yesterday I started out with 36. I had not gone very far before I found out the devil was on my trail, to side-track me. Did he do it? After being insulted on every turn I stood still and thought of those three days, when I laid my cross down. It was only three days, but it was three days in hell. I said then, "War Crys are for sale, and in spite of the devil I will sell them." I sold my 36 white-winged messengers, got another batch, and still another, ending the day by selling 107 Crys, and gave a pair of beautiful black eyes to His Royal Nibs.

It's a terror to the devil, he's heard it long ago,
'Twas when the Saviour met him in the wilderness, you know,
And I, for one, shall use it when the devil is about;
Not in the faintest whisper, but loudly I will shout:
Get thee behind me, Satan!

—Wm. H. Preston.

The truly great and good, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm tree, to strive most upwards when it is most burdened.—Sir P. Sidney.

THE GENERAL SECRETARY AT LISGAR STREET.

Mrs. Gaskin and Headquarters' Officers Ably Assist.

During the past ten days the Lisgar St. corps has been favored with quite a few visitors, and Sunday, Dec. 1st, being the last day of the special campaign, Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, accompanied by a few of Headquarters' Staff, were in charge.

The holiness meeting was well attended. The Brigadier's talk on "The Besetting Sin," was delivered with force and power, and will result in much blessing.

A very good crowd turned up to the afternoon meeting. Staff-Capt. Morris led the opening song. Mrs. Gaskin sang from the War Cry, Adjt. Attwell piloted the testimonies, Brigadier Gaskin asked for the collection, and, with Mrs. Gaskin and Mrs. Sims' assistance, got it. Ensign Easton and Staff-Capt. Morris sang solos, after which the Staff-Captain read from the Word of God. The Brigadier closed with a good, pointed talk.

After a stirring open-air, led by Adjt. Attwell, in front of the Gladstone Hotel, we marched to the barracks, which we found nicely filled. The opening song went with a swing. Adjutant Attwell and Mrs. Gaskin prayed the blessing of God upon the meeting. Ensign Morris gave out a song from the War Cry, after which Ensign Easton read the Bible lesson.

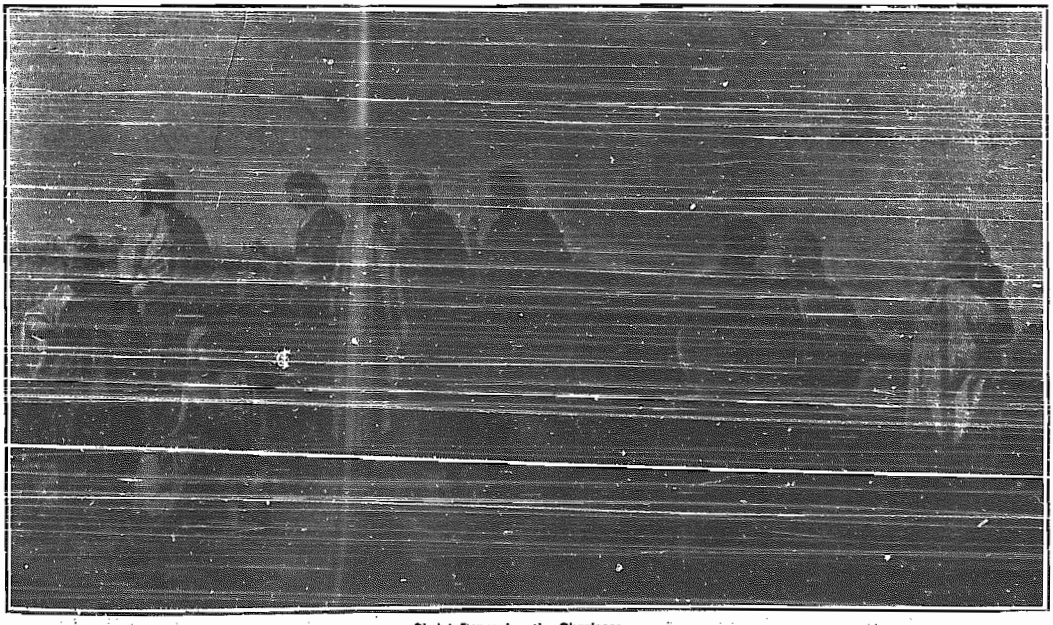
A quartet, composed of the visiting officers, sang with good effect, and Brigadier Gaskin delivered a practical address on "The Pharisee and Publican."

Mrs. Gaskin took hold of the prayer meeting, and one soul sought mercy. Many were under deep conviction, and a meeting of this character should have resulted in more seekers.

The band, under the leadership of Bandmaster Tuck, did excellent service at each meeting. The crowds and finances were good, and the day's meetings were very successful.—Florence Easton.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—Fielding.

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents, which, in prosperous circumstances, would have lain dormant.—Horace.



Christ Reproving the Pharisees.

WAR CRY HONOR ROLL AND COMPETITION CHAT

OBSERVATIONS.

The big Provinces are in the accepted order this week: First the East, then West Ontario, Central Ontario, next East Ontario. The surprising fact is in the big drop in the North-West and Pacific. Fancy Newfoundland being ahead of the Pacific Province by four!

Bro. Preston is evidently making a determined effort to win the combat with Capt. Long, of Skagway. He heads his Province this week, with 236. Capt. Long has only 150 to show, but she will make a good fight, I expect.

Currell appears again after a short rest, and takes her place at the top, with a cool 325 copies, this week. This makes the rest look up with surprise. Capt. Long, of the East, is second, with 260, while Bro. Preston, the Pacific champion, is third in the Territory. Honorable mention must be made of Adjt. Wiggins (225).

Next week is the great Christmas War Cry. Make it well known to your customers this week. Get orders from every purchaser. Remember it is going to be a fine number: 36 pages—no advertising, taking up half the pages—fine illustrations—five full page pictures—a beautiful supplement, "The Child Jesus"—all for ten cents!

A merry Christmas to all the boomers!

Eastern Province.

108 Hustlers.

Capt. Long, Sydney	260
Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	225
Capt. Prince, Hamilton	190
S. M. Velnot, Halifax II	165
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	150
Ensign Thompson, Westville	145
Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Charlottetown	135
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Halifax I	125
Capt. N. Smith, Truro	120
Lieut. March, St. John I	120
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton	110
P. S. M. Casbin, Halifax I	110
Lieut. Thistle, Halifax I	100
Capt. Forsey, Liverpool	100
Lieut. Duncan, Carleton	100
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	100
Cand. Thompson, Charlottetown	97
Capt. L. Miller, Halifax I	80
Capt. F. Clark, St. George's	80
Capt. Hudson, St. John II	70
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III	65
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	65
Lieut. Harding, Stellarton	65
Lieut. Ritchie, St. John III	59
P. S. M. Peckwood, St. George's	58
Capt. Tatem, Canning	55
Capt. E. Taylor, Eastport	55
Capt. Armstrong, St. John V	54
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	50
Lieut. Riley, St. John II	50
Mrs. Pike, Houlton	50
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Louisburg	50
Lieut. White, Summerside	50
Lieut. McLennan, Sydney Mines	50
Capt. Pemberton, New Glasgow	50
Ensign Williams, Moncton	50
Lieut. Murthough, Fairville	50
Capt. Wilson, Carleton	50
Lieut. Murthough, Newcastle	49
Capt. Clark, Moncton	49
P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	49
Capt. White, Sackville	45
Sergt. Place, Hamilton	45
Lieut. F. White, Digby	45
Capt. Davis, Sussex	45
Lieut. Kenney, Susaex	45
Lieut. Reeves, Sackville	40
Harry Burrows, Yarmouth	40
Ensign Bowering Parrsboro	40
Lieut. Jones, Bridgetown	40
Capt. Winchester, Freeport	40
Capt. Greenland, Newcastle	39
Capt. Graves, Springhill	39
Adjt. Byers, Springhill	39
Ensign Allan, Woodstock	39
Capt. Melkie, Kemptville	36
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	36
Capt. Urquhart, Digby	35
Lieut. Rudland, Eastport	35
Lieut. Fraser, North Head	35
Ensign L. Larder, Halifax II	34
Ensign Carter, Dartmouth	34
Sergt. McDowe, Dartmouth	33
Sergt. Rowe, Fredericton	31
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	30
S. M. Wilson, Woodstock	30
Sergt. Jones, Woodstock	30
S. M. Jennings, Woodstock	30
Capt. Payne, Somerset	30
Ensign Sabine, Somerset	30
Capt. B. Green, Houlton	30
Mrs. Chambers, Calais	30
Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	28
Sergt. Kelley, Fredericton	27
Bro. J. Gibbons, Fredericton	26
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	25
M. Simpson, Windsor	25
Adjt. Dowell, Halifax	25
Lieut. Moore, Bear River	25
C.-C. Astill, St. George's	23
Lieut. DeBow, Windsor	22
A. Ramie, Windsor	22
R. Smith, Windsor	22
C.-C. Williams, Fredericton	22
M. Donovan, Fredericton	21
Lieut. Strotnard, Truro	21
M. Ginge, North Sydney	21
Capt. J. Green, Bear River	21
S. M. Kent, Bear River	21
Capt. Parsons, Calais	20
L. Haugen, Calais	20
Cadet Crossman, Clark's Harbor	20
Lieut. Munro, Lunenburg	20
Lieut. Vandine, Sydney Mines	20
J. Squires, Springhill	20
M. McKay, Springhill	20
Bro. Hallett, Hampton	20
Ensign Brown, Annapolis	20
Lieut. Nugent, Freeport	20
Ensign Brehaut, Summerside	20
Capt. Redmond, Bridgewater	20
Lieut. Fewson, Chatham	20
Adjt. McLean, Glace Bay	20
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	20
W. White, Hamilton	20
Lieut. Oglivie, St. John V	20
Capt. Anderson, Amherst	20
Lieut. McIvor, Louisburg	20

West Ontario Province.

86 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray, London	175
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	165
Mrs. Gooding, Galt	150
Ensign Hollett, Chatham	150
Ensign Hellman, Windsor	125
Sister Brown, Petrolia	125
Capt. Maisey, Guelph	125
Capt. Hockin, London	115
Capt. Coy, Leamington	105
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	85
Sister Richards, Guelph	80
Mrs. Capt. White, Simcoe	80
Capt. Ringler, Simcoe	80
Lieut. Watson, Wingham	80
Capt. Fyfe, Goderich	80
Lieut. Close, Goderich	80
Ensign Crawford, Stratford	75
Adjt. Scott, Sarnia	75
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Clinton	75
Capt. Yeomans, Wallaceburg	74
Capt. Barner, Bothwell	70
Sister Lindsay, Strathroy	68
Lieut. West, Palmerston	67
Mrs. Capt. Burton, St. Thomas	62
Mrs. Dixon, St. Thomas	62
Sister Allen, Mitchell	60
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown	60
Capt. Crawford, Forest	60
Ensign Jarvis, Essex	60
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	60
Lieut. Yeomans, Chatham	55
Lieut. Crafts, Tilsonburg	50
Lieut. Murray, Brantford	50
Sister McGuinn, Blenheim	50
Sister Wakefield, Forest	50
Mrs. Ensign Huntington, Ridgetown	50
S.-M. Tremain, Listowel	45
Beatrice Crawford, Paris	45
P. S. M. Glover, Dresden	45
Adjt. McHarg, Petrolia	43
Adjt. McGillivray, London	43
Sergt. Fred Palmer, London	42
Capt. Young, Watford	40
Capt. Harman, Drayton	40
Eva Simpson, Guelph	40
Ensign Howcroft, Wallaceburg	40
Capt. Horwood, Tilsonburg	38
Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock	35
Lieut. Ellis, Blenheim	35
Lieut. Cook, Strathroy	35
Adjt. Cameron, Brantford	35
Sister Christner, Petrolia	35
Lieut. Greenwood, Thedford	35
Rose Ellis, Dresden	33
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	32
Mary Wissen, Simcoe	30
Mabel Wheeler, Hespeler	26
Sergt. Robinson, Windsor	25
Capt. Dowell, Clinton	25
Mrs. Chas. Deering, Atwood	25
Mrs. Wissen, Simcoe	25
Sergt. Beck, Windsor	25
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	24
Capt. Williams, Palmerston	23
Sergt. Benn, Wallaceburg	22
Father Christner, Dresden	22
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	21
Capt. Gibson, Wingham	20
C.-C. Lucy Horwood, London	20
Lillie Duckworth, Hespeler	20
Mrs. Kerswell, London	20
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	20
Lillie Dixon, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bonny, Listowel	20
Capt. Copeman, Berlin	20
Lieut. McColl, Berlin	20
Capt. McLaughlin, Seaforth	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	20
[illegible]	20
Capt. White, Hespeler	20
Hattie Erb, Berlin	20
May Perrin, Berlin	20
Capt. Kitchen, Ingersoll	20
Ensign Haley, Ingersoll	20

Central Ontario Province.

82 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I	325
P. S. M. Bowcock, Lippincott	100
Ensign Lott, North Bay	90
Ensign Hanna, Collingwood	88
Ethel White, Barrie	80
Capt. N. R. Trickey, Orillia	[illegible]
Ensign Hide, Riverside	[illegible]
Capt. Cornish, Riverside	[illegible]
Cadet Greenslade, Lippincott	[illegible]
Ensign Brant, Oshawa	[illegible]
Ensign Snigers, Owen Sound	[illegible]
Capt. Fisher, Owen Sound	[illegible]
Lieut. Gravett, Chesley	56
Cadet Darch, Dundas	55
Capt. McCann, Yorkville	51
Lieut. Dauberville, Yorkville	50
C.-C. N. Richards, Lindsay	50
Lieut. Lamb, Chesley	50
P. S. M. Stunden, Bracebridge	48
Sergt. Bowman, Temple	48
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	45
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	40
Mrs. Stewart, Lisgar St.	40
Lieut. Griffiths, Newmarket	40
Capt. Stickells, Newmarket	40
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	40
Cadet Anderson, Lippincott	40
Capt. Stephens, Sturgeon Falls	38
Lieut. Jago, Sturgeon Falls	37
Capt. Kivell, Orangeville	34
Sergt. Duell, Temple	34
Maud Slater, Fenelon Falls	33
Cadet Kelsby, Orangeville	32
Mrs. Adjt. Burrows, Barrie	32
Ensign Smith, Fenelon Falls	30
Bro. Dixon, Temple	30
Capt. A. Sherwin, Bowmanville	30
Lieut. B. Shepherd, Bowmanville	30
Lieut. Quaife, Huron St.	30
Capt. Rose, Gravenhurst	30
Bro. Gerow, Burk's Falls	30
Capt. Matthews, Burk's Falls	30
Mrs. J. Munroe, Collingwood	30
Sister L. Palmer, Orillia	30
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	30
Nellie Hoover, Sudbury	30
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Huntsville	30
Mrs. Adjt. Sims, Lisgar St.	30
Adjt. Sims, Lisgar St.	30
Capt. Rennie, St. Catharines	29
Capt. Stephens, Brampton	25
Lieut. Nellie Crandell, Brampton	25
Mrs. Capt. Hart, Parry Sound	25
Capt. LeCocq, Hamilton II	25
Capt. McNaney, Hamilton II	25
Lieut. Marskell, Brooklin	25
L. Coy, Hamilton I	25
G. Sellett, Hamilton I	25
Lieut. Porter, Fenelon Falls	25
P. S. M. Southwell, Huron St.	25
Lieut. Smith, Huron St.	25
Capt. Bond, Sudbury	25
Alma Henry, Sudbury	25
Cand. Hooper, Lisgar St.	25
Mrs. Ensign Hanna, Collingwood	25
Lieut. Stickells, Lisgar St.	20
Sergt. McHenry, Lisgar St.	20
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Lisgar St.	20
Mrs. Phillips, Lisgar St.	20
Sergt. Cook, Lisgar St.	20
Capt. Hart, Parry Sound	20
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
Cadet-Lieut. Williams, Kinmount	20
Mrs. Courtemanche, Norland	20
Capt. Pattenden, Uxbridge	20
Lieut. Hudgin, Uxbridge	20
Capt. Pynn, Dovercourt	20
Lieut. Minnis, Dovercourt	20
Sergt. Smith, Dovercourt	20
Mrs. Butler, Dovercourt	20
Cadet-Lieut. Langridge, Oshawa	20
Bro. Nelson, Lindsay	20

East Ontario Province.

66 Hustlers.

Capt. Hickman, Picton	180
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	130
Mrs. Raymo, Barre	120
Capt. Slater, Arnprior	116
Lieut. Gates, Napanee	110
Mrs. Thompson, Kingston	100
Lieut. Granger, Ottawa	92
Sergt. Caseys, Montreal I	92
Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	91
Capt. Ash, Ogdensburg	90
Capt. Lang, Burlington	85
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I	85
Lieut. Hoole, St. Albans	84
Lieut. Ovey, St. Albans	84
Mrs. Capt. Crego, St. Johnsbury	81
Capt. Woods, St. Albans	81
Capt. Liddell, Arnprior	75
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	75
Capt. Green, Descronto	73
Capt. Wilson, Trenton	70
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	60
Lieut. Holliday, Quebec	60
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I	60
[illegible]	55
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	53
Capt. Thompson, Newport	52
Capt. Crego, St. Johnsbury	50
Maggie Little, Newport	50
Capt. Young, Kingston	50
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	50
Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	50
Capt. Hicks, Morrisburg	46
Capt. Newell, Gananoque	45
Mrs. Welsh, Burlington	40
Cadet Seward, Kemptville	40
Miss Johnson, Brockville	40
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	40
Capt. Crego, Gananoque	40

Whooping Willie, of Woollytown: "What is your verdict, gentlemen, as to whether the War Cry is a fit and proper paper to be classed among the literature allowed in this camp?"

Foreman of the Jury: "That the War Cry is a paper that will not do any of us harm, but may help a good deal to cultivate this here town, an' should be bought by everybody."

Capt. Brimson, Campellford	40
Lieut. Rutledge, Cobourg	37
Lieut. Medley, Morrisburg	36
Capt. Pitcher, Kemptville	35
Lieut. Lowrie, Pont Hope	32
Capt. Cook, Port Hope	32
Ensign Gammaidge, Millbrook	32
Sergt. Vaucour, Mortreal I.	30
Sergt. Garayat, Montreal I.	30
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	30
Ida Munro, Barre	28
Mrs. Adjt. Cave, Barre	27
Mrs. Capt. Green, Deseronto	26
Mrs. Downey, Kingston	25
Mrs. Ensign Norman, Tweed	25
Mrs. Cro[illegible] Cornwall	25
P. S. M. Russell, Millbrook	25
Capt. Grose, Cobourg	25
Carrie Comba, Arnprior	25
Sister Wright, Montreal I.	25
Sister Kane, Montreal I.	25
Ethel Morton, Campbellford	22
Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	20
Lillie Dawson, Picton	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Father Duquet, Trenton	20
Sister Gee, Ottawa	20
Sister Chugg, Ottawa	20

North-West Province.

44 Hustlers.

Sergt. M. Lewis, Winnipeg	135
Lieut. Russell, Fargo	130
Lieut. V. Sherris, Rat Portage	120
Sister Taylor, Winnipeg	120
Lieut. Papstein, Brandon	102
Capt. Mercer, Fort William	100
Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	95
Capt. Taylor, Portage la Prairie	80
Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Grand Forks	60
Ensign Collett, Rat Portage	60
Capt. Scott, Regina	60
Lieut. McLaren, Moorhead	60
Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Calgary	60
Lieut. Forsberg, Winnipeg	60
Lieut. McRae, Souris	60
Capt. C. Barrager, Edmonton	52
Lieut. Gamble, Carberry	51
Lieut. Nuttall, Edmonton	50
Capt. Brandser, Grafton	50
C.-C. Johnson, Bismarck	50
Lieut. Fleming, Grafton	50
Lieut. Irwin, Moosomin	48
Lieut. Bristow, Medicine Hat	48
Capt. Myers, Moose Jaw	42
Mrs. Capt. Swain, Selkirk	41
Capt. L. Smith, Carberry	41
Sergt.-Major Odger, Dauphin	38
Sergt. Mrs. Drummond, Winnipeg	30
Capt. N. Myers, Prince Albert	30
Capt. Ferguson, Minot	28
Cadet Menear, Minot	26
Lieut. E. Willie, Prince Albert	26
Capt. Kenmir, Bismarck	26
C.-C. Leadman, Winnipeg	25
Capt. Pearce, Fargo	25
Sister McWilliams, Winnipeg	24
Lieut. Meron, Larimore	20
Capt. Charlton, Fargo	20
Capt. McKay, Carman	20
Ensign Hayes, Carman	20
Capt. Livingston, Neepawa	20
Lieut. Mansell, Emerson	20
Lieut. Morris, Minnedosa	20
Sister Johnson, Winnipeg	20

Newfoundland Province.

28 Hustlers.

Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John's I.	90
Cadet Greening, St. John's II.	90
Sergt.-Major Ebsary, St. John's I.	70
Capt. Stickland, Tilt Cove	60
Sergt.-Major Newman, Twillingate	55
Mrs. Adjt. Frazer, St. John's I.	50
Lieut. Young, Harbor Grace	50
Ethel Coyell, St. John's I.	40
Capt. Wiseman, St. John's I.	40
Lieut. Smith, Bay Roberts	40
Cadet Hillier, St. John's II.	40
Sergt. J. Read, Dildo	40
Nettie Rose, Grand Bank	31
Sergt. Blackmore, Pilley's Island	30
Sergt.-Major Oak, Tilt Cove	27
Sergt. Stowbridge, St. John's I.	25
Sergt. Yetman, St. John's I.	25
Sergt. Butt, St. John's I.	24
Cadet Templeman, St. John's I.	20
Cadet Cave, St. John I.	20
M. Green, Arnold's Cove	20
P. S. M. Seward, Heart's Content	20
Sergt. Carter, St. John's II.	20
Sergt. Burry, Greenspond	20
F. Harding, Greenspond	20
Thomas Harlick, Gambo	20
Rhoda White, Loo Cove	20
Capt. Janes, Harbor Grace	20

Pacific Province.

24 Hustlers.

Sergt. Preston, Spokane	236
C.-C. Robinson, Rossland	170
Capt. Hurst, Victoria	154
Capt. I. Gain, Butte	108
Lieut. Connon, Billings	103
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Missoula	103
Capt. Heater, Helena	100
Adjt. Yerex, Great Falls	93
Cadet-Lieut. Sutherland, New Westminster	90
Sister Daisy Smith, New Whatcom	85
Adjt. Stevens, Butte	80
Capt. Duthie, Victoria	76
Capt. Charlton, Helena	70
Lieut. Ed. Church, Nanaimo	68
Capt. Jackson, Fernie	50
Ensign A. Sheard, Nanaimo	41
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, New Whatcom	40
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Fernie	35
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	28
Lieut. Bassingthwaight, Dillon	25
Capt. Tippett, Dillon	20
B. O. L. S.-M. Norbury, Spokane	20
Sister McCormick, Spokane	20
Sister Knudson, Helena	20

The Klondike.

2 Hustlers.

Capt. Long, Skagway	180
Ensign Gooding, Skagway	52

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

MOTTOES AND WALL TEXTS.

THE following Goods are all imported from England, and are made by the best houses for that class of work. They are a MARVEL OF VALUE, GENERALLY SOLD AT ABOUT DOUBLE THE PRICE WE ASK.

Nos. W141, K225, Bannerettes, size about 2½x3, dark red or green background, with silver lettering. Nos. K211, K235, small shields, about 2½ x 3, different backgrounds and lettering. No. W142, silver mottled background, with raised letters. Each number has an assortment of about six different texts. Price, each, 1½c., or four for .... **5c.**

Nos. K101, K213, K214, P345, P348, W30, W686. These are white mottoes, with beautiful floral designs, and gilt or silver lettering: sizes range from 4x5 to 4x6. Nos. K209, K219, P349, P350, P351, W113, W114, W138, W144, dark red or green mottoes, with raised or sunken silver lettering, with different designs; sizes ranging from 3½x5½ to 3½x6½. No. W137, 4¾x5¼, same as foregoing. No. K236, shield design, 5x6, dark green or red, with silver lettering. No. K217, a pretty scroll, light blue, with silver lettering. All the above to be had in about six different texts .... Price, each .... **2½c.**

No. W124, dark red or green, 5x7 motto, with heart, crown, or sword design. No. W145, same size and colors as above, with floral and rustic designs, raised gilt lettering. Both in six different texts. Each .... **6c.**

Nos. P326, P327, W27, W43, W111, mottoes about 6x9, white body with pictorial designs, and letters raised in silver. Nos. K208, K220, K231, W108, dark green or red mottoes, size 5½x8, floral and other designs, raised gilt lettering. No. P341, a neat motto 3½x9. All the above in six different texts. Price, each ...... **7c.**

No. P324, size 6x8½, dark olive body, lily design, with flowers and lettering raised in white enamel; a beautiful motto. No. W133½, size 6x8, dark green or red body, with splendid design. No. W146, size 6½x8½, dark green or red, with large silver shield and crown, lettering in red or green. No. W115, size 6½x8½, light blue body with silver border and lettering. No. K224, size 5½x9½, dark red or green, with open Bible design, silver faced lettering, etc. Nos. K203, K222, size 6½x8½, dark red or green, with floral borders, and letters in silver. No. K221, size 4¼x12½, rustic design, dark green or red. No. P325, size 8x10¾, a pretty motto, white ground, with fawn border, and wild rose design, and silver lettering. All the above in six different texts. .... Price, each .... **10c.**

No. W49, size 7x9, white motto, pictorial design, and silver lettering. No. W152, size 8¼x10½, dark red or green ground, with bird design, and lettering in silver. No. W44, size 7½x10, white motto, silver letters, and colored floral designs. No. W25, size 7¾x10, white motto, silver letters, and splendid landscape design. All the above in six different texts. .... Price, each .... **12c.**

No. W132, size 6½x9½, beautiful white motto, with heavy silver lettering, and capitals outlined in red, ornamented corners, tastily cut out. No. W143½, size 7x9, dark ground, landscape design, on easel stand, and silver lettering. No. W161, size 6½x9½, with a pretty blue ground, and raised white enameled lettering, and floral design. No. P315, 9in. across and 12 in long, colored floral design, and silver lettering on white banner, edged in silver, and flesh-colored border. All the above in six different texts. .... Price, each .... **15c.**

No. P309, size 8½x10¼, dark red or green ground, silver lettering and leaves, flowers in light and dark blue, brilliant colors. Nos. P313, P317, size 8½x12¾, dark red or green ground, with plain and clear large texts, viz.: "As for Me and My House, We will Serve the Lord," and eleven other texts for variety. No. P308, size 9 inches across and 12 inches long, white ground, orchid floral design, and silver lettering. No. P321, same size as above, with white ground, floral design (lilies and forget-me-nots), and silver lettering. No. P323, same size as above, white ground, scenery design, and silver lettering. No. W10, size 13 in. across by 9, white ground, scenery design, and silver lettering. No. W48, size 12 in. across by 9, white ground, floral design (a bunch of sweet peas and lilies of the valley), with silver lettering. All the above in six different texts. Price, each ...... **15c.**

No. P310, 13 in. across by 8¼, pretty blue ground design, and raised white enameled letters, and floral design in one corner. Nos. K205, W156, size 13 in. across by 9¾, dark red or green ground; the first has fir-cone design in two corners, while the second has an ivy wreath design around the whole text. All the above in six different texts. .... Price, each .... **20c.**

No. P304, size 16 in. across by 10, the regular large "Christ is the Head of this House" text. No. P306, same size as above, the regular "Peace be to this House," etc., design both in dark red or green ground, with silver lettering. No. P305, size 16x11, white ground, pretty poppy floral design, with a little bird ready to fly, silver lettering. All the above in six different texts. .... Price, each .... **25c.**

No. P301, size 18 in. across by 12, pretty white motto, with silver lettering, and floral design in red and tea roses. No. P302, same as No. P301, with the exception of design, which is a pretty scenery production. In six different texts. Price, each .. **30c.**

No. W46, 13 in. across by 19, an excellent piece of work, the design being a display of large, well-executed poppies, and text in large silver lettering, all mounted on heavy card. Six different texts. Price .... **50c.**

THE TRADE SECRETARY,

Albert Street, Toronto.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

3863. MORGAN, H. E. 28 years of age, height 5 ft. 8 in., brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, and a scar on his cheek, is a miner by trade. Last heard of at Cape Nome, Alaska.

Second Insertion.

3855. BOWLES, LEWIS CLAYTON.—Aged 45; height 5 ft. 10 in.; brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion; weight 188 lbs. Left East Barre, Vt., 1891. Last heard of in Woodville, N. H. Was then working on the railroad. His wife is very anxious to hear from him, as she has no means of support.

3856. BARKER, CHARLES.—Height 4 ft. 10 in; light hair; left Toronto last August; wore a brown suit. His wife inquires. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts communicate with the Salvation Army H. Q., Toronto.

3858. MOOR, MRS. ALFRED.—Middle-aged; fair complexion; blue eyes; fairly stout. Last seen April 26th, 1884, in a Park near Kirkdale, England; was then living in Liverpool; may have come to Canada. Communicate with Salvation Army H. Q., Toronto.

IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

THE COMMISSIONER will deeply appreciate any gifts of money, food, clothing, or suitable books for the libraries of the Rescue Homes. Parcels should be addressed (prepaid) to any of the following Homes:—

"The Evangeline Home for Children," 68 Farley Ave., Toronto.
"The Industrial Home," 916 Yonge St., Toronto.
"The Working Women's Home," 74 Agnes St., Toronto.
"Fort Hope" Rescue Home, Riverview Ave., London, Ont
"The Homestead," 96 St. James St., St. John, N.B.
"Liberty Hall," 243 St. Antoine St., Montreal, P.Q.
"Fort Rescue," 486 Yonge St., Winnipeg, Man.
"The Bridge," 72 Windsor St., Halifax, N.S.
"The Anchorage," 66 Cook St., St. Johns, Nfld.
"Redemption Home," 94 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont
"Hope Hall," 602 Main St. E., Hamilton, Ont.
"Montana State Home," 3[illegible] West Copper St., Butte, Mont., U.S.A.
"Liberty Home," 720 Chandler St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.
"Mercy Home," 1262 Hornby St., Vancouver, B.C.
"Booth Hall," Working Women's Home, 21 St. Monique St., Montreal, P.Q.

LEGACIES.

Notice to Friends who are about to make their Wills, and desire to help the work of the Salvation Army.

THE good intentions of some friends have been made useless in consequence of their Wills not being in conformity with the law relative to charitable bequests. The following course of action is therefore recommended: If the property of a Testator desiring to benefit the Fund consists of Money, or Foreign Bonds, Canal Shares, Cash on Deposit, Shares in Trading Companies, Consols, Loans to Municipal Corporations, Debentures, Shares in Gas, Electric Light or Power, Water, or Industrial Companies, Marine Telegraph Shares, and Shares in Mines, or similar kinds of property, then the following form of bequest should be used:—

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH TO COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, or other the Commissioner or Chief Officer for the time being, of THE SALVATION ARMY in the Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the North-Western States of America, the sum of $..................to be used or applied by her or him at her or his discretion for the general purposes of the said Salvation Army in the said Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the North-Western States of America."

Directions for Execution of Will.

The Will must be executed by the Testator in the presence of two witnesses, who must both be present together when he executes it, and who must sign their names, addresses and occupation on the same page at the end of the Will. The best method to adopt, for a Testator to be quite sure that his Will is executed properly, is for him to take the Will and tell the witnesses that he wants them to be witnesses to it, and then all three sign the will in each other's presence, and let none of the three go away until they have all signed.

The Commissioner will always be pleased to procure further advice for any friends desiring to benefit the Army by Will or otherwise, and will treat any communications made to her on the subject as strictly private and confidential.

Letters dealing with the subject should be marked private and addressed to COMMISSIONER E. C. BOOTH, S. A. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.

HOLINESS.

ALL FOR JESUS.

Tune.—Lord, I make a full surrender (B.J. 3).

1 All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
No more trouble, no more care;
Doubts and fears have all departed,
Jesus, everywhere.
Peace, which passeth understanding,
Perfect joy within my breast.
Knowing I am saved from sinning,
This is perfect rest.

Chorus.

Follow Jesus, follow Jesus,
Walk my faith, and not by sight;
He can keep you every moment
Walking in the light.

I have found the wondrous blessing,
Christ is all in all to me;
Spirit, body, soul, possessing,
Through His blood I'm free.
Jesus fills my soul with glory,
Such as I can never tell;
Joy is bubbling up within me,
An eternal well.

Oh, my Saviour is so precious!
Since within He came to reign,
I can say, without presumption,
Death will be my gain.
All for Jesus, every moment,
Counting earthly things as dross,
I will be His faithful soldier,
Proud to bear the cross.

HOW MUCH WILL YOU SUFFER?

Tune.—Heaven's a beautiful city (B.J. 336).

2 How much can you suffer for Jesus?
In His service, how much will you lose?
At His feet will you still kneel adoring,
And th ecross which He gives you refuse?

Chorus.

I dare, Lord, I dare, Lord,
I dare do all for Thee.

How much will you suffer for Jesus?
There are plenty His wonders to praise!
Dare you face the legions of hatred,
And His down-trodden banner uprase?

How much will you suffer for Jesus?
For the hate of His cause is the same;
Will you seek to gain by His sufferings,
Whilst shirking a share in His shame?

How much will you suffer for Jesus
On the way to the crown He will give?
There are cruel deceivers and slanderers,
A life on these terms can you live?

WAR and EXPERIENCE.

THE PEARL OF GREATEST PRICE.

Tune.—Oh, what a Christ have I! (B.J. 75).

3 I've found the Pearl of Greatest Price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have,
Oh, what a Christ have I!

My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness
With healing in His wings.

Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love;
My Bread, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

My Christ, He is the Heaven of heavens,
My Christ, what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is All-in-all.

MARCHING ON.

Tune.—Marching on (B.J. 5).

4 Marching on in the light of God,
Marching on, I am marching on;
Up the path that the Master trod,
Marching, marching on.

Chorus.

A robe of white, a crown of gold,
A harp, a home, a mansion fair,
A victor's palm, a joy untold,
Are mine when I get there.
For Jesus is my Saviour, He's washed my sins away,
Paid my debt on Calvary's mountain;
I'm happy in His dying love, I'm singing all the day,
I'm living, yes, I'm living in the fountain.

Marching on through the hosts of sin,
Marching on, I am marching on;
Victory's mine while I've Christ within,
Marching, marching on.

Marching on while the worldlings sneer,
Marching on, I am marching on;
Perfect love casteth out all fear,
Marching, marching on.

Marching on in the Spirit's might,
Marching on, I am marching on;
More than conqueror in every fight
Marching, marching on.

Marching on to the realms above,
Marching on, I am marching on;
There to sing of redeeming love,
Marching, marching on.

SALVATION.

GETHSEMANE.

Tune.—Down in the garden (B.J. 67).

5 Dark was the hour, Gethsemane,
When through thy walks was heard
The lowly Man of Galilee
Still pleading with the Lord.

Chorus.

Down in the garden,
Hear that mournful sound;
There behold the Saviour weeping,
Praying on the cold, damp ground.

For me He prays—I hear Him pray—
He will my soul receive.
Now, Jesus, take my sins away;
Now, Jesus, I believe.

Can I forget the tears and blood
Which there He shed for me?
Thoy flow, a constant cleansing flood,
Abundant, rich, and free.

NOTHING BUT THY BLOOD CAN SAVE ME.

Tune.—(B.J. 83).

6 Jesus, see me at Thy feet,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!
Thou alone my need canst meet,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!

Chorus.

No, no! nothing do I bring,
But by faith I'm clinging
To Thy cross, O Lamb of God;
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!

See my heart, Lord, torn with grief,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!
Me unpardoned do not leave,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!

Dark indeed the past has been,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!
Yet, in mercy, take me in,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!

As I am, oh, hear me pray!
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!
I can come no other way,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!

Prosperity is too apt to prevent us from examining our conduct; but adversity leads us to think properly of our state, and so is most beneficial to us.—Johnson.

SOLO OF THE WEEK.

Tune.—The wounds of Christ (B.J. 283).

7 Dark shadows were falling,
My spirit appalling,
For hid in my heart sin's deep crimson stains lay;
And when I was weeping,
The past o'er me creeping,
I heard of the blood that can wash sin away.

Chorus.

The wounds of Christ are open,
Sinner, they were made for thee;
The wounds of Christ are open,
There for refuge flee.

It soothes all life's sorrows,
It smoothes all its furrows,
It binds up the wounds which transgression has made;
It turns night to morning,
So truly adorning
The spirit with joy when all other lights fade.

Commissioner E. C. Booth.

The Christmas War Cry

Dated Dec. 21, 1907.

WILL BE A WORTHY COMPEER OF ITS PREDECESSORS.

In point of illustrations, reading matter, workmanship and general get-up it will be classed with the best special issues we have had in the past.

The beautiful supplement will become very popular, and doubtless will be framed by many purchasers from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Christmas number will have 36 pages.

Price, 10 Cents per Copy.

Order your copy NOW.

PLEASE send me a copy of the SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE WAR CRY as soon as published:

Name .....

Address .....

Fill in Name and Address and hand this Coupon to the person who brings your weekly War Cry, or hand it to the Officer in Charge of the Salvation Army

Coming Events.

T. H. Q. Specials.

COLONEL and MRS. JACOBS

will visit

Brantford, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 14, 15.

Opening of New Barracks.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. GASKIN.

Riverside, Sun., Dec. 15.

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH.

Dovercourt, Sun., Dec. 15.

STAFF-CAPT. PAGE.

Riverside, Fri., Dec. 13.

STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD.

Dovercourt, Thurs., Dec. 12.

HEADQUARTERS STAFF BAND

Toronto Asylum, Tues., Dec. 10; Riverside, Sun., Dec. 15.

Spiritual Specials.

MAJOR GALT

Will visit Arnprior, Wednesday, December 11, to Monday, December 16; Pembroke, Tuesday, Dec. 18, to Monday, Dec. 23; Montreal I., Friday, Dec. 27, to Monday, Jan. 6.

East Ontario Province.

HARMONIC REVIVALISTS

Will visit Picton, Dec. 3 to 16; Belleville, Dec. 18 to 25; Deseronto, Dec. 27 to Jan. 6.

West Ontario Province.

THE WEST ONTARIO SOUL-SAVING TROUPE

Will visit Ridgetown, Dec. 10 to 19; Blenheim, Dec. 20 to 30; Leamington, Dec. 31 to Jan. 9; Essex, Jan. 10 to 20; Windsor, Jan. 21 to 30.

Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER PICKERING'S APPOINTMENTS.

Barrie, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Dec. 14, 15, 16; Orillia, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 21, 22.

TOUR OF THE SALVATION HANDBELL RINGERS.

Stroud, Fri., Dec. 13; Barrie, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Dec. 14, 15, 16; Huntsville, Tues., Dec. 17; Midland, Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 18, 19; Coldwater, Fri., Dec. 20; Orillia, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Dec. 21, 22, 23; Gravenhurst, Tues., Dec. 24; Bracebridge, Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 25, 26.